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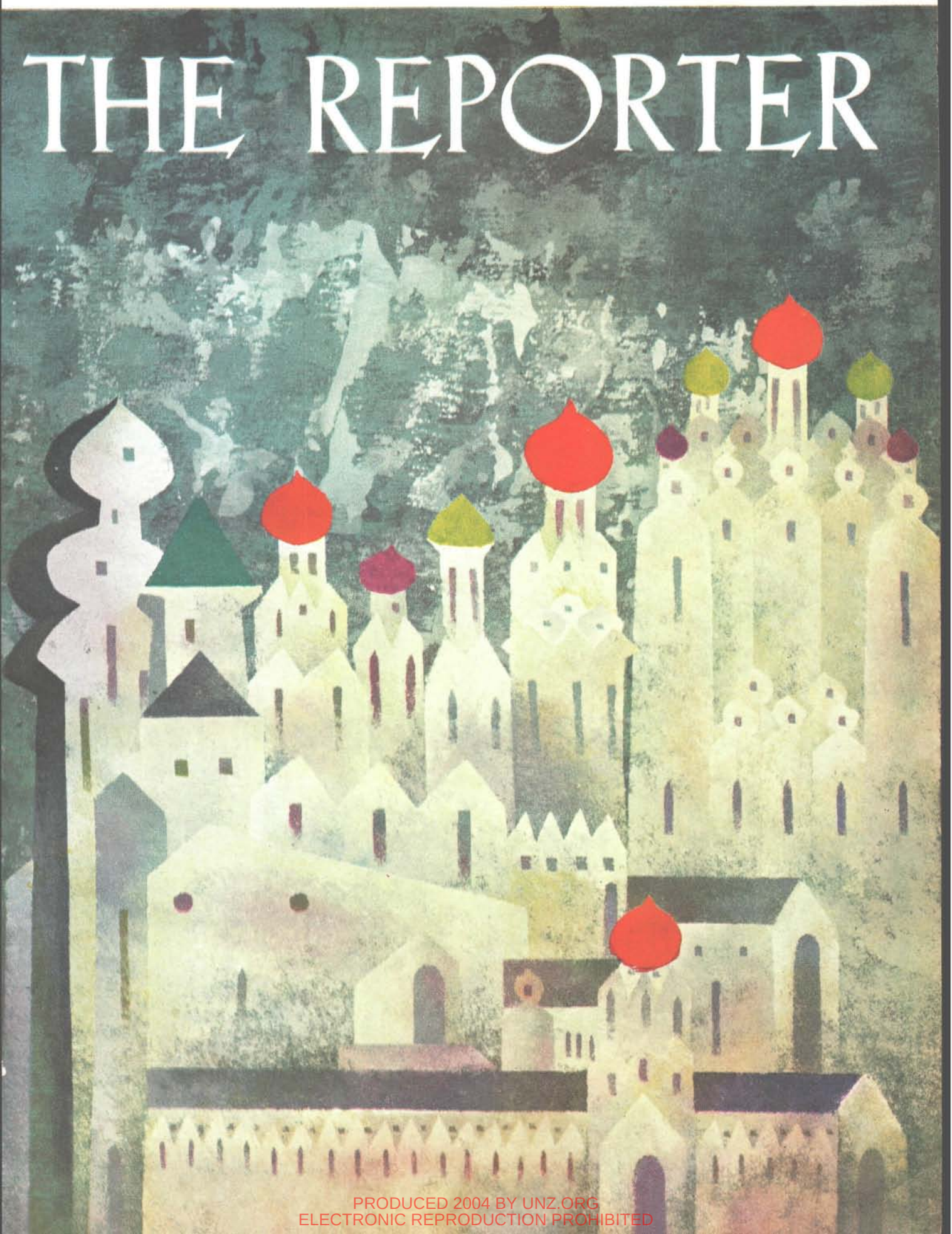

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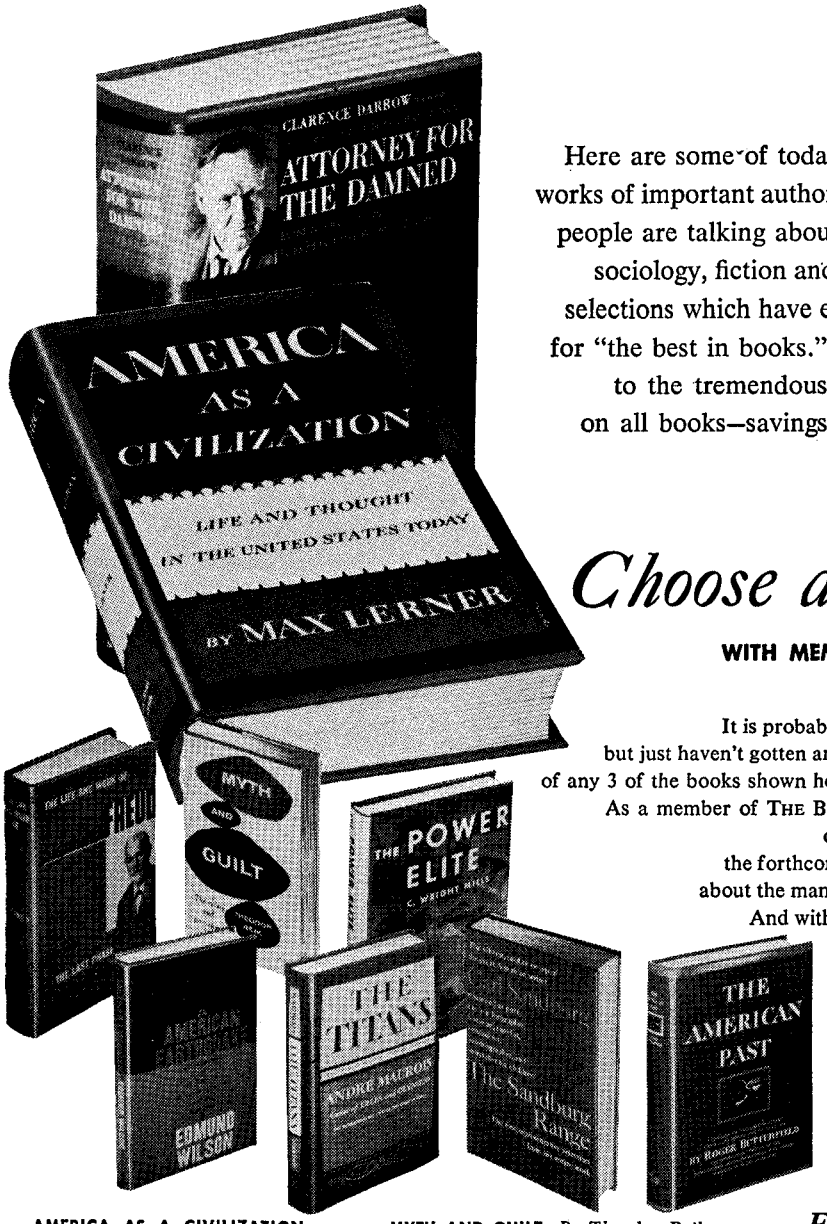

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They Do It Again

Fall of 1956, winter of 1957: It was the time of the bloodless revolution in Poland and the Soviet massacre of Hungary, the time of Suez, of the U.S. alignment with the Soviet and Afro-Asian blocs and, finally, of the Eisenhower Doctrine. There are certain phases of history that mankind lives through not just once but repeatedly. Somehow they become the hubs of history.

It was not enough for the Soviet government to slaughter masses of Hungarians. Twenty months later, they had to assassinate Imre Nagy, and this time they had managed to improve on their previous job by conducting the assassination according to the ritual of proletarian justice in the Hungarian People's Republic. They seem to be bent on re-enacting events that caught them by surprise, and on making up for some of the losses that they had had to accept. Poland may be next.

Tito has again become the arch-enemy not only of Moscow but of Peking. Yet Tito looked pale and shaky in the few days when Hungary was following a course of its own and Imre Nagy was the head of its government. And even today, Tito gives evidence of his Communist orthodoxy, for he can answer Djilas only by slapping him in jail.

The current phase of re-Stalinization proves that Communist leaders can talk about relaxation of tension in international affairs, but they cannot afford to relax tension at home. They cannot outgrow violence.

Now they are back at the fall of 1956, and obviously they must be devoutly hoping that the West, and particularly the United States, will kindly comply and, in its own way, re-enact some of the blunders it fell into at that time. Life would be much gayer for the Communist leaders if there were massive United States military action in the Middle East.

The Eisenhower Doctrine has committed the American government to the defense of every Levantine ruler in distress, if only some evidence is produced that the source of all troubles can be traced back, directly or indirectly, to something vaguely related to Communism. To become operational, the doctrine needs something that may be considered a Communist threat by a Levantine ruler who doesn't cherish the idea of being unseated.

THE HARASSED Communist potentates in Moscow or in Peking are wrong to judge the West, and particularly the United States, according to their own standards. The West is not inevitably bound to re-enact its past deeds or misdeeds. It may blunder, but it can outgrow its blunders.

In fact, there are already heartening signs in this direction. In the fall of 1956, the formulation of American foreign policy was delegated to the General Assembly of the United Nations. This time, the U.N. is very much in the picture again, but in an entirely different role. Dag Hammarskjöld and a small task force of U.N. officials have gone to Lebanon with no other function, as it has been repeatedly stated, than to "observe" what goes on. As a result of their observations they may have reached the conclusion that Lebanese politics is a stinking mess. True, the United States has its own embassy in Beirut, which could have reached the same conclusion and suggested to the State Department that the tenure in office of President Camille Chamoun is not indispensable to the cause of freedom.

The Communist potentates in Moscow and Peking have to go on doing the same horrible, bloody things, over and over again. They cannot escape their past. Our leaders, on the contrary, may not be so brilliant, but even they can learn.

The Bipartisanship of Vicuñas

We don't particularly want to add to the discomfiture of the Republicans over that almost perfect case of poetic justice, the Sherman Adams episode, or to add to the unholy glee of the Democrats on discovering a

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"Jack and Sam, shake hands with Ben!
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Butt, old goat, come here a minute!
Meet Bob Paine and Bill the Whipple!
Bill, Jack Penn—what's with a tipple?
Boys, here's Lightfoot Lee—Hey, Frank!
Meet Rog Sherman—Sherm, meet Hank!
Fellows, get the old quills scratchin',
Independence is a-hatchin'!
When we're finished with declarin',
How's about a little rarin'?
There's nothin' like Togetherness,
Folks, for makin' us U.S.!"

—SEC

THE REPORTER, July 10, 1958, Volume 19, No. 1. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. © 1958 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new addresses. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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Goldfine. We do feel, however, that they are all missing the main point. The lesson is not, necessarily, that one should always pay one's own hotel bills, or that one should flee like a wild hunted thing from millionaires bearing gifts, or that a President should not come to "need" any assistant so much that he can't get along without him—though no doubt there are some useful things to be learned along those lines. The real lesson, rather, is that "corruption" always has been vastly overworked as a partisan and a political weapon. When Democrat Michael V. DiSalle ran for an Ohio Senate seat in the mink-coat year of 1952 somebody asked him whether "corruption" would be a campaign issue. "I suppose so," he said, "but I don't know who's going to take the affirmative."

It is now clear, in the vicuña-coat year of 1958, that it is a mistake for anyone to take a self-righteously partisan negative on that conveniently one-sided matter. But now both parties are at it again, their roles reversed, exploiting that American love of a cozy little personal "moral" issue. Rather than think about the national budget, we prefer to hear about somebody's family budget or hotel bill, which, even though the amounts seem a little high, are still within range of ordinary experience. We like the relatively simple and personal issues on which neat lines of "right" and "wrong" seem easy to draw; on high finance and intercontinental missiles it is hard to know where to stand, but on "influence peddling" and Oriental rugs it's easy.

The Republicans, who played this game for all its worth, are now being paid in kind, but unfortunately they don't seem to have learned anything. In his two big chances, the chief moral crusader has used the wrong test. On the Nixon fund he let "Dick, my boy" appeal to a TV audience, and in the Adams case he has cited personal need, neither of which is a particularly elegant moral standard. In their defense of Adams, the Republicans have not had the grace to admit that there are some shared bipartisan human problems here—problems that are not simple, that are rooted partly in our big, complicated institutions, partly in the absence of standards, partly in the

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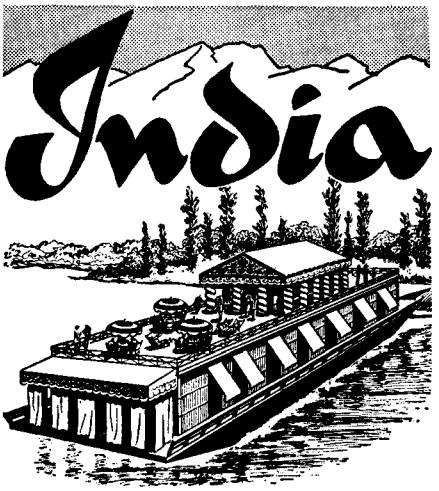

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Doctor Zhivago

A major selection from Boris Pasternak's great new Russian novel—still suppressed in the Soviet Union — appears in this issue of The Reporter.

Two more installments from "Doctor Zhivago" will be published in succeeding issues (August 7 and September 4).

You won't want to miss these selections from the book hailed by critics as a historical work in the great Russian tradition.

If you are not a regular subscriber to The Reporter, you can make sure of reading all three installments from "Doctor Zhivago" by mailing today the card facing Page 40. We will start your subscription or your gift subscription with this issue. And at our special introductory rate, you will receive

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nature of the human animal. Instead, they have gone right back to their pretentious partisan claims that they are a different breed, that *their* man *must* have, as the New York *Herald Tribune* put it, "total integrity."

The *Herald Tribune* even tried to use the axiomatic goodness of the President as a transferable commodity: "The heart of the matter," they said huffily, "is that Dwight Eisenhower has the faith, trust and affection of the American people. . . . If the American people place such faith and trust in the President, he is entitled to ask them to place equal faith and trust in those whom he chooses. . . . No more needs to be said. . . ." A lot more needs to be said. We do not know about the ethical practices of these fellows, but their ethical arguments are shoddy.

We are as tired of the politics of the housefurnishings, appliances, phone calls, and haberdashery of various public figures as, presumably, the Republican leaders now have come to be. But when they say that too much is made of the Adams case, that the headlines are too big, that we ought to "get back to work," that there are "life-and-death problems to confront," our memories of 1952 come flooding back. We agree with what they now say, but we would not defend to the death *their* right to say it.

A Poor Show

The whole business of the Un-American Activities Committee probing Communists in the entertainment business in New York is like a very stale pudding. The sourness pervades everything: the men who might have once been Communists and will not say whether they were or who their friends were; the networks that draw their skirts away from contamination by firing employees, not for poor work but for embarrassing connections; the investigating congressmen who think Shakespeare or soap operas can be vehicles of subversion. None of this has anything to do whatsoever with real danger to our nation. It has everything to do with small thoughts and small fears. Together they have managed to produce a few headlines and pollute the air with a reminiscent smell.

"BARE GOP AID IN SEC"

(*Front-page headline in the New York Post, June 19*)

Indeed, I never thought I'd be
Indebted to the G.O.P.,
Unless to credit it, of course,
With being an unfailing source
Of Comedy, without which I
Could not begin to versify.

—SEC

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this issue your next copy will be dated August 7. That will be followed by the September 4 issue, when our regular fortnightly publishing schedule will be resumed.

Automated Unemployment

Some day, sooner or later, American automobile manufacturers will go back to making six million cars a year. But some are beginning to wonder whether a return to peak production will solve that industry's unemployment problem for good.

Much of the vast capital expenditures the auto companies have made during the last five years has gone into automation machines and processes that require less manpower. So far this new equipment has been used sparingly. Business was good before the recession, profits high, and labor relations peaceful. Operating the new machines at maximum efficiency would have meant layoffs, employee resentment, and possibly serious labor trouble. Except in new plants, where new workers were hired, the high-speed machinery was throttled down. Labor took the philosophic view that automation shouldn't be fought but that the transition to the new day should be gradual and cushioned.

Some of the industry's engineers now make no secret of the fact that before rehiring begins, the new machines will be delivering at full capacity. Even if the recession is "bottoming out," Detroit's troubles may be far from over.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE HEART OF EUROPE

To the Editor: It was with a great pleasure that I read your article "Once More the Heart of Europe" (*The Reporter,* June 26), and I must say I believe it to be a very comprehensive and honest study of the situation in France since General de Gaulle was appointed prime minister. There is no doubt that it is with de Gaulle that the future of the Atlantic Community rests. May I add that his declaration shows that France will abide by her commitments and, in fact, will take on an even greater role than she has played to this day.

JACQUES BAEYENS
Consul General of France
New York

To the Editor: Thank you for Max Ascoli's very fine article about General de Gaulle. It is encouraging and deeply important to those of us who have always been deeply stirred by de Gaulle's courage and his selfless devotion to France.

He was indeed shabbily treated by Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. I trust the New York *Times* and others will read your article and feel a little ashamed of the way they wrote of him when he came back to save France once again.

For our own survival, as you pointed out, we need to hold up his hands and give him all encouragement in every practical way.

TRACY L'ENGLE ANGAS
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: I wish I could share your confidence that General de Gaulle is going to save democracy and liberty in France.

For over two years I have thought de Gaulle *might* be the only man left in France who could command enough support in the army to make peace in Algeria. I have not yet seen any signs that this is true, and I greatly fear the opposite. The army has indicated pretty clearly that they are for de Gaulle as long as he is for them, as he seems to be. Which rebellious army officers have been tried for their acts? Which have even been recalled?

The only kind of government that can keep Algeria in control of the French is the kind that is needed to keep Hungary in the control of the Russians—and it will and must use the same means. If de Gaulle does not give the army-ultra coalition what it needs to keep control of Algeria, they will replace him with someone who will. And the United States, of course, will continue to pay the bills.

JOHN C. HOLT II
Boston

To the Editor: "Once More the Heart of Europe" is the most lucid exposition that I have read of the present crisis in France.

In its penetrating comments on the peril of "the sovereign individual, when all legal ties are loosened," and its dramatic spotlighting of the "statue" and stature of de Gaulle, the article is both a warning and a challenge to western democracy. For surely we must realize that the present political "restlessness" is not peculiar to France. And it is especially important to become aware that de Gaulle, as "the cause for restraint" in his country, is neither an "enigma" nor just another Napoleon III, Mussolini, or Franco. In calling attention to his tested and proven faith, enthusiasm, and uncompromising standards, you appeal to all who would rally to preserve and defend civilized idealism and order.

JEAN THORP
New York

IN HO OH

To the Editor: I particularly want to commend Marya Mannes for her skillful and sensitive presentation of an extremely deplorable police case in our city ("The Murder of In Ho Oh," *The Reporter,* June 26).

INSPECTOR HARRY G. FOX
Commanding Officer
Juvenile Aid Division
Philadelphia

To the Editor: As a piece of journalism, I think that Marya Mannes's article is adequate. Of course, it does not purport to be a study in depth. She does at least catch a glimpse of the spirit of the near hysteria which the community indulged in shortly after this event.

One small point: The fact that none of the parents of the accused boys wrote in sympathy to the relatives of In Ho Oh is not very significant since the boys are now subject to criminal proceedings and since the parents might believe that such expressions were equivalent to an admission of guilt.

I have been aware for the last year or so of a mounting tension between white and Negro in the city and a mounting hostility on the part of white citizens which is usually voiced in terms of the disparate crime rate of the Negro but which, in my opinion, stems more from the ever-increasing Negro penetration and integration into white neighborhoods than from any other single cause. It is commonplace to observe that if school segregation is the bulwark of Southern segregation, housing and neighborhood segregation is the bulwark of the pattern in the North, and since this city has moved at least as fast and as extensively in neighborhood integration as any other Northern city, we are feeling the effects and resulting tensions.

HENRY W. SAWYER III
Councilman at Large
Philadelphia

To the Editor: As usual, *The Reporter* has come up with a thorough and understanding presentation of a difficult social problem in this city.

WILLIAM L. RAFSKY
Development Coordinator
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Miss Mannes's moving statement does cover well the incident which has brought great sorrow to Philadelphians and to those agencies which have a deep interest in the welfare of young people.

I believe that through her reporting, many citizens will become aware to a greater degree of the problems of youth in trouble and of the need for improving individual and community living.

ALLEN H. WETTER
Superintendent of Schools
Philadelphia

SPACE AND SOVEREIGNTY

To the Editor: I was very intrigued by Robert Bendiner's article "Who Owns Outer Space?" (*The Reporter,* June 12). It was excellent. The resolution of this problem is going to be a difficult one, as he has pointed out, and it will certainly call for bold action.

I enjoyed your whole issue; also William H. Hessler's article on Polaris. It covers the situation very well.

JOHN T. HAYWARD
Rear Admiral, USN
Washington

To the Editor: Robert Bendiner's article is a worthy addition to the rapidly growing literature on space law. Particularly interesting is Mr. Bendiner's account of the gradually developing interest in the problem shown by governments and in the United Nations.

As the co-author of the article in the *Foreign Service Journal* from which Mr. Bendiner quotes, I should like to make clear that neither the views there expressed nor the facts mentioned stem in any way from official sources.

HUGH COOKE MACDOUGALL
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Bendiner's article is most interesting and presents a good summary of the present thinking on the questions of sovereignty, free space or international control. However, there is another alternative which he does not mention but which has been suggested by Professors Myres S. McDougal and Leon Lipson of Yale University Law School: differing degrees of agreement, control, or freedom of action depending upon the specific activity involved rather than upon its location in space. This suggestion seems to me to be the most appealing one so far.

FRANK SIMPSON III
Los Angeles

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WE ARE PROUD to be publishing in this and our next two issues selections from the Russian novel *Doctor Zhivago* by **Boris Pasternak,** which Pantheon Books will bring out in this country next September. The translation is by Max Hayward and Manya Harari. This great book, which has already appeared in an Italian translation, will be published in a number of other languages. No Russian edition, however, seems presently forthcoming, not even in an abridged form.

Born in Moscow in 1890, Boris Pasternak studied in Germany and acquired a thorough knowledge of German, English, and French. His life's work has been poetry, and his verse has been widely acclaimed both in his own country and abroad. Yet much of his talent has been employed in making superb translations into Russian of the works of Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Shelley, and Verlaine. Pasternak began to write his first novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, before Stalin died and had completed it by the end of 1955. Perhaps he thought that in the post-Stalin thaw his book could be published in his own country; according to authoritative reports, he was thoroughly prepared to submit his manuscript to abridgment or revision. This would have been nothing new for a Russian novelist—even Tolstoy's *War and Peace* could at first be published only in an abridged edition.

An extraordinary and most interesting aspect of the *Doctor Zhivago* case is that the Soviet literary authorities seem to have been unable to make up their minds, over a period of two years, on what changes the author should be asked to make—or whether the book should be published at all. In 1956 and 1957, the Russian press actually announced that the book would soon be published. Pasternak sent a copy of the manuscript to the Italian publisher Feltrinelli, who agreed to postpone publication of the Italian translation until September, 1957. Toward the end of last summer, Feltrinelli received a letter from Pasternak asking that the manuscript be returned to him for "revision," and was insistently urged by Soviet consular officials in Italy to comply with this request. The Italian publisher refused. The Pantheon translation was made from the manuscript sent to Feltrinelli.

THE WHOLE WORLD has been profoundly shocked by the execution of Imre Nagy and his associates in Hungary's glorious revolt. Our expert on Soviet affairs, **Isaac Deutscher,** has undertaken the difficult task of trying to figure out what lies behind this new evidence of Communist cruelty and bad faith. . . . Americans should read with sympathy about elections in countries where the democratic apparatus is, to put it mildly, rudimentary. **Russell Warren Howe,** West African correspondent for the London *Sunday Times,* reports on the Togoland elections, which were run according to early Tammany style. . . . The preparations for two other elections are described by Contributing Editor **William S. Fairfield** and free-lance writer **Will Chasan:** they involve Faubus in Arkansas and Powell in Harlem. It seems that demagogues are demagogues, no matter what the color of their skin may be. . . . Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** who has been on leave to travel in Europe and the Far East on an Eisenhower Fellowship, reports on a crotchety engineer who is the opposite of a demagogue. India has been afflicted by so many India lovers from America that the engineer in question must certainly be the most popular Yankee in that part of the world.

Peter Quennell is a British biographer and literary critic. . . . The contribution of **Eric Sevareid,** chief Washington correspondent for CBS News, was prepared as a summer guest column for TV editors. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** latest book is *The Inmost Leaf* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . **Justin O'Brien** has recently edited *From the NRF* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** has visited India in an advisory capacity.

Our cover is by **Murray Turnbull.**

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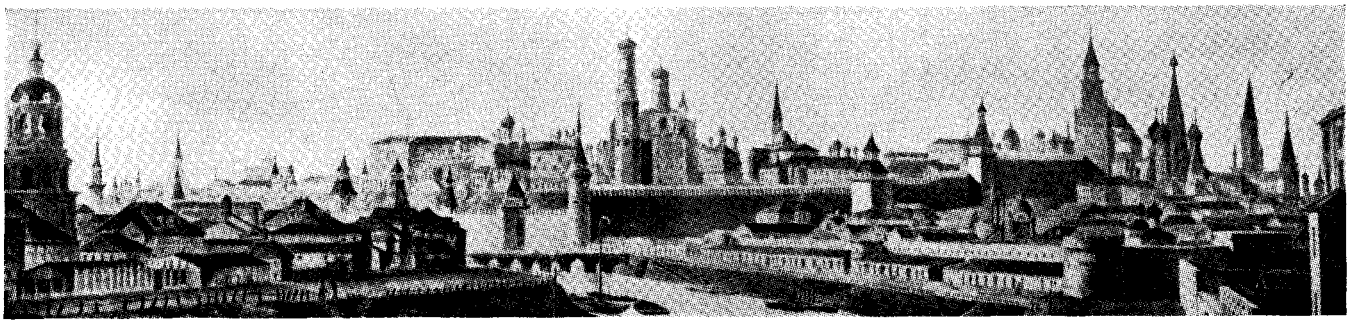

First excerpts from

Doctor Zhivago

by BORIS PASTERNAK

This book, which was written in Soviet Russia but has not been published there, is the lyrical narrative of a man's life, a fictional character named Yurii Andreievich Zhivago. Zhivago served as an army doctor in the First World War, then was caught up by the Communist Revolution, which he wholeheartedly accepted, was swept away by it, yet maintained to the very end, when life failed him, an unconquerably free mind. Or maybe this book is the spiritual autobiography of Boris Pasternak, who made the protagonist a contemporary of his and like himself a poet.

Boris Pasternak, however, unlike Dr. Zhivago, has been only a poet—the best, we are told, now living in Soviet Russia. Poetry has given him his moorings. Past the age of sixty, he started writing this book to give in his own way, which is not that of a party ideologist or of a historian, his account of the epochal phase of Russian history he has witnessed.

"Doctor Zhivago" might be called an a-Communist, and not an anti-Communist book. Yet it is silly, or worse, to paste a political tag on a novel that is meant to put politics—any kind of politics—in its place. The quietly stated message of this book is that politics cannot control the whole of life, for there is in man an inner realm that no politics can ever touch.

Zhivago unreservedly welcomed the Revolution as both irrevocable and right, but could not possibly become enmeshed in the political machinery that grew out of it. Politics is an artfully manufactured concatenation of accidents, designed to satisfy the ambitions of some men or to verify some ideology. For Pasternak what matters above all is not ideology, nor party, nor state machinery. All these things may be needed—but only to a point. What gives sense to life is freely created by the conscience of the individual, by his devotion to God, by his sense of Christ. The machinations and trumpetings of any Caesar may sometimes play at being destiny and at licensing truth. But truth is to be found only "in interiore homine."

We in the West are accustomed, every hour on the hour, to hearing exaltations of the human spirit, of freedom, God, and Christ. These values have been outlawed in the Communist East and defiled in the democratic West. The fact that they have been hallowed by a lonely poet in Soviet Russia should make us feel very humble and profoundly obligated. His book must be treated with the sense of responsibility and discretion Pasternak needs and deserves. For anti-Communist intentions glibly attributed to him in the West can become his capital crime in the East. —M.A.

IT WAS HIS FIRST SPRING at the front. The headquarters of his regiment was in the Carpathians, in a deep valley, access to which from the Hungarian plain was blocked by this army unit.

At the bottom of the valley was a railway station. The mountains were overgrown with mighty firs and pines, with tufts of clouds catching in their tops, and sheer cliffs of gray slate and graphite showing through the forest like worn patches in a thick fur. It was a damp, dark April morning, as gray as the slate, locked in by the mountains on all sides and therefore still and sultry. Mist hung over the valley, and everything in it steamed, everything rose slowly—engine smoke from the railway station, gray vapors from the fields, the gray mountains, the dark woods, the dark clouds.

At that time the sovereign was making a tour of inspection in Galicia. It was learned suddenly that he would visit Zhivago's unit, of which he was the honorary Colonel. He might arrive at any moment. A guard of honor was drawn up on the station platform. They waited for about two oppressive hours, then two trains with the imperial retinue went by quickly one after the other. A little later the Tsar's train drew in.

Accompanied by the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Tsar inspected the grenadiers. Every syllable of his quietly spoken greeting produced an explosion of thunderous

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hurrahs whose echoes were sent back and forth like water from swinging buckets.

The Tsar, smiling and ill at ease, looked older and more tired than on the rubles and medals. His face was listless, a little flabby. He kept glancing apologetically at the Grand Duke, not knowing what was expected of him, and the Grand Duke, bending down respectfully, helped him in his embarrassment not so much by words as by moving an eyebrow or a shoulder.

On that warm gray morning in the mountains, Zhivago felt sorry for the Tsar, was disturbed at the thought that such diffident reserve and shyness could be the essential characteristics of an oppressor, that a man so weak could imprison, hang, or pardon.

"He should have made a speech—'I, my sword, and my people'—like the Kaiser. Something about 'the people'—that was essential. But you know he was natural, in the Russian way, tragically above these banalities. After all, that kind of theatricalism is unthinkable in Russia. For such gestures are theatrical, aren't they? I suppose that there were such things as 'peoples' under the Caesars—Gauls or Scythians or Illyrians and so on. But ever since, they have been mere fiction, which served only as subjects for speeches by kings and politicians: 'The people, my people.' "

1917—Silent, Dark, Hungry Moscow

The woods had been left behind. The train broke out of the leafy tunnels into the open. A sloping field rose from a hollow to a wide mound. It was striped horizontally with dark green potato beds; beyond them, at the top of the mound, were cold frames. Opposite the field, beyond the curving tail of the train, a dark purple cloud covered half the sky. Sunbeams were breaking through it, spreading like wheel spokes and reflected by the glass of the frames in a blinding glare.

Suddenly, warm, heavy rain, sparkling in the sun, fell out of the cloud. The drops fell hurriedly and their drumming matched the clatter of the speeding train, as though the rain were afraid of being left behind and were trying to catch up.

Hardly had the doctor noticed this when the Church of Christ the Saviour showed over the rim of the hill, and a minute later the domes, chimneys, roofs, and houses of the city.

"Moscow," he said, returning to the compartment.

In the train it had seemed to Zhivago that only the train was moving but that time stood still and it was not later than noon.

But the sun was already low by the time his cab had finally made its way through the dense crowd in Smolensky Square.

In later years, when the doctor recalled this day, it seemed to him—he did not know whether this was his original impression or whether it had been altered by subsequent experiences—that even then the crowd hung about the market only by habit, that there was no reason for it to be there, for the empty stalls were shut and not even padlocked and there was nothing to buy or sell in the littered square, which was no longer swept.

And it seemed to him that even then he saw, like a silent reproach to the passers-by, thin, decently dressed old men and women shrinking against the walls, wordlessly offering for sale things no one bought and no one needed—artificial flowers, round coffee pots with glass lids and whistles, black net evening dresses, uniforms of abolished offices.

Humbler people traded in more useful things—crusts of stale rationed black bread, damp, dirty chunks of sugar, and ounce packages of coarse tobacco cut in half right through the wrapping.

And all sorts of nondescript odds and ends were sold all over the market, going up in price as they changed hands.

The cab turned into one of the narrow streets opening from the square. Behind them, the setting sun warmed their backs. In front of them a draft horse clattered along, pulling an empty, bouncing cart. It raised pillars of dust, glowing like bronze in the rays of the low sun. At last they passed the cart, which had blocked their way. They drove faster. The doctor was struck by the piles of old newspapers and posters, torn down from the walls and fences, littering the sidewalks and streets. The wind pulled them one way and hooves, wheels, and feet shoved them the other.

They passed several intersections, and soon the doctor's house appeared at a corner. The cab stopped.

"They say there won't be any firewood, or water, or light. They'll abolish money. No supplies will be coming in. Come along. Listen, they say there are wonderful iron stoves for sale in the Arbat. Small ones. You can burn a newspaper and cook a meal. I've got the address. We must get one before they're all gone.

"Let me tell you what I want to do. We'll set aside a corner somewhere on the top floor, say two or three rooms, communicating ones, and we'll keep those for ourselves and Father and Sashenka and Niusha, and we'll give up all the rest of the house. We'll put up a partition and have our own door, and it will be like a separate apartment. We'll put one of those iron stoves in the middle room, with a pipe through the window, and we'll do all our laundry, and our cooking, and our entertaining, all in this one room. That way we'll get the most out of the fuel, and who knows, with God's help, we'll get through the winter."

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His friends had become strangely dim and colorless. Not one of them had preserved his own outlook, his own world. They had been much more vivid in his memory. He must have overestimated them in the past. Under the old order, which enabled those whose lives were secure to play the fools and eccentrics at the expense of the others while the majority led a wretched existence, it had been only too easy to mistake the foolishness and idleness of a privileged minority for genuine character and originality. But the moment the lower classes had risen, and the privileges of those on top had been abolished, how quickly had those people faded, how unregretfully had they renounced independent ideas—apparently no one had ever had such ideas!

The only people to whom Yurii Andreievich now felt close were his wife, her father, and two or three of his colleagues, modest rank-and-file workers, who did not indulge in grandiloquent phrases.

The party with duck and vodka was given as planned, a few days after his return. By then he had seen all those who came to it, so that the dinner was not in fact the occasion of their reunion.

The large duck was an unheard-of luxury in those already hungry days, but there was no bread with it, and because of this its splendor was somehow pointless—it even got on one's nerves.

The alcohol (a favorite black-market currency) had been brought by Misha Gordon in a medicine bottle with a glass stopper. Antonina Alexandrovna never let go of the bottle, and now and then diluted a small portion of the alcohol with more or less water, according to her inspiration. It was discovered that it is easier to hold a number of consistently strong drinks than ones of varying strength. This, too, was annoying.

But the saddest thing of all was that their party was a kind of betrayal. You could not imagine anyone in the houses across the street eating or drinking in the same way at the same time. Beyond the windows lay silent, dark, hungry Moscow. Its shops were empty, and as for game and vodka, people had even forgotten to think about such things.

And so it turned out that only a life similar to the life of those around us, merging with it without a ripple, is genuine life, and that an unshared happiness is not happiness, so that duck and vodka, when they seem to be the only ones in town, are not even duck and vodka. And this was most vexing of all.

"Ladies and gentlemen . . . I should like . . . Misha! Gogochka! Tonia, what am I to do, they won't listen! Ladies and gentlemen, let me say a word or two. Unprecedented, extraordinary events are approaching. Before they burst upon us, here is what I wish you: May God grant us not to lose each other and not to lose our souls. Gogochka, you can cheer afterwards, I haven't finished. Stop talking in the corners and listen carefully.

"In this third year of the war the people have become convinced that the difference between those on the front line and those at the rear will sooner or later vanish. The sea of blood will rise until it reaches every one of us and submerge all who stayed out of the war. The revolution is this flood.

"During the revolution it will seem to you, as it seemed to us at the front, that life has stopped, that there is nothing personal left, that there is nothing going on in the world except killing and dying. If we live long enough to read the chronicles and memoirs of this period, we shall realize that in these five or ten years we have experienced more than other people do in a century. I don't know whether the people will rise of themselves and advance spontaneously like a tide, or whether everything will be done in the name of the people. Such a tremendous event requires no dramatic proof of its existence. I'll be convinced without proof. It's petty to explore causes of titanic events. They haven't any. It's only in a family quarrel that you look for beginnings—after people have pulled each other's hair and smashed the dishes they rack their brains trying to figure out who started it. What is truly great is without beginning, like the universe. It confronts us as suddenly as if it had always been there or had dropped out of the blue.

"I too think that Russia is destined to become the first socialist state since the beginning of the world. When this comes to pass, the event will stun us for a long time, and after awakening we shall have lost half our memories forever. We'll have forgotten what came first and what followed, and we won't look for causes. The new order of things will be all around us and as familiar to us as the woods on the horizon or the clouds over our heads. There will be nothing else left."

The doctor sat at his desk writing, pausing to think and to dip his pen while some unusually quiet birds flew silently past the tall windows, throwing shadows on his moving hands, on the table with its forms, and on the floor and the walls, and just as silently vanished from sight.

The prosector came in; he was a stout man who had lost so much weight that his skin hung on him in bags. "The maple leaves are nearly all gone," he said. "When you think how they stood up to all the rain and wind, and now a single morning frost has done it."

The doctor looked up. The mysterious birds darting past the window had in fact been wine-red maple leaves. They flew away from the trees, gliding through the air, and covered the hospital lawn, looking like bent orange stars.

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"Have the windows been puttied up?" the prosector asked.

"No," Yurii Andreievich said, and went on writing.

"Isn't it time they were?"

Yurii Andreievich, absorbed in his work, did not answer.

"Pity Taraska's gone," went on the prosector. "He was worth his weight in gold. Patch your boots or repair your watch—he'd do anything. And he could get you anything in the world. Now we'll have to do the windows ourselves."

"There's no putty."

"You can make some. I'll give you the recipe." He explained how you made putty with linseed oil and chalk. "Well, I'll leave you now. I suppose you want to get on with your work."

He went off to the other window and busied himself with his bottles and specimens. "You'll ruin your eyes," he said a minute later. "It's getting dark. And they won't give you any light. Let's go home."

"I'll work another twenty minutes or so."

"His wife is a nurse here."

"Whose wife?"

"Taraska's."

"I know."

"Nobody knows where he is himself. He prowls about all over the country. Last summer he came twice to see his wife, now he's in some village. He's building the new life. He's one of those soldier-Bolsheviks, you see them everywhere, walking about in the streets, traveling in trains. And do you know what makes them tick? Take Taraska. He can turn his hand to anything. Whatever he does, he has to do it well. That's what happened to him in the army—he learned to fight, just like any other trade. He became a crack rifleman. His eyes and hands—first-class! All his decorations were awarded him, not for courage, but for always hitting the mark. Well, anything he takes up becomes a passion with him, so he took to fighting in a big way. He could see what a rifle does for a man—it gives him power, it brings him distinction. He wanted to be a power himself. An armed man isn't just a man like any other. In the old days such men turned from soldiers into brigands. You just try to take Taraska's rifle away from him now! Well, then came the slogan 'Turn your bayonets against your masters,' so Taraska turned. That's the whole story. There's Marxism for you."

"That's the most genuine kind—straight from life. Didn't you know?"

The prosector went back to his test tubes.

"How did you make out with the stove specialist?" he asked after a while.

"I'm most grateful to you for sending him. A most interesting man. We spent hours talking about Hegel and Croce."

"Naturally! Took his doctorate in philosophy at Heidelberg. What about the stove?"

"That's not so good."

"Still smoking?"

"Never stops."

"He can't have fixed the stovepipe right. It ought to be connected with a flue. Did he let it out through the window?"

"No, the flue, but it still smokes."

"Then he can't have found the right air vent. If only we had Taraska! But you'll get it right in the end. Moscow wasn't built in a day. Getting a stove to work isn't like playing the piano, it takes skill. Have you laid in your firewood?"

"Where am I to get it from?"

"I'll send you the church janitor. He's an expert at stealing wood. Takes fences to pieces and turns them into firewood. But you'll have to bargain with him. No, better get the exterminator."

They went down to the cloakroom, put their coats on, and went out.

"Why the exterminator? We don't have bedbugs."

"That's got nothing to do with it. I'm talking about wood. The exterminator is an old woman who is doing a big business in wood. She's got it all set up on a proper business footing—buys up whole houses for fuel. It's dark, watch your step. In the old days I could have taken you blindfold anywhere in this district. I knew every stone. I was born near here. But since they've started pulling down the fences I can hardly find my way about, even by day. It's like being in a strange town. On the other hand, some extraordinary places have come to light. Little Empire houses you never knew were there, with round garden tables and half-rotten benches. The other day I passed a place like that, a sort of little wilderness at an intersection of three streets, and there was an old lady poking about with a stick—she must have been about a hundred. 'Hello, Granny,' I said, 'are you looking for worms to go fishing?' I was joking, of course, but she took it quite seriously. 'No, not worms,' she said, 'mushrooms.' And it's true, you know, the town is getting to be like the woods. There's a smell of decaying leaves and mushrooms."

"I think I know where you mean—between Serebriany and Molchanovka, isn't it? The strangest things are always happening to me there—either I meet someone I haven't seen in twenty years, or I find something. They say it's dangerous, and no wonder, there's a whole network of alleys leading to the old thieves' dens near Smolensky. Before you know where you are, they've stripped you to the skin and vanished."

HE HAD TURNED DOWN so many side streets that he had almost lost count of them when the snow thickened and the wind turned into a blizzard, the kind of blizzard that whistles in a field covering it with a blanket of

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snow, but which in town tosses about as if it had lost its way.

At about 10 P.M. one evening in late October (Old Style) Yurii Andreievich went without any particular necessity to call on one of his colleagues. The streets he passed were deserted. He walked quickly. The first thin powdery snow was coming down, scattered by a rising wind.

Occasionally the firing resumed all over the town, and the streets were cleared again. It was said that the two sides were engaged in negotiations, whose course, favorable or unfavorable, was reflected in the varying intensity of the firing.

There was something in common between the disturbances in the moral and in the physical world, on the ground and in the air. Here and there resounded the last salvos of islands of resistance. Bubbles of dying fires rose and broke on the horizon. And the snow swirled and eddied and smoked on the wet streets and pavements.

A newsboy running with a thick batch of freshly printed papers under his arm and shouting "Latest news!" overtook him at an intersection.

"Keep the change," said the doctor. The boy peeled a damp sheet off the batch, thrust it into his hand, and a minute later was engulfed in the snowstorm.

The doctor stopped under a street light to read the headlines. The paper was a late extra printed on one side only; it gave the official announcement from Petersburg that a Soviet of People's Commissars had been formed and that Soviet power and the dictatorship of the proletariat were established in Russia. There followed the first decrees of the new government and various brief news dispatches received by telegraph and telephone.

The blizzard lashed at the doctor's eyes and covered the printed page with gray, rustling pellets of snow. But it was not the snowstorm that prevented him from reading. The historic greatness of the moment moved him so deeply that it took him some time to collect himself.

Not far from his house he stumbled in the dark over an enormous pile of timber near the curb. There was an institution of some sort in the street, to which the government had probably supplied fuel in the form of boards from a dismantled house in the outskirts of the town. Not all of it would go into the yard, and the rest had been left outside. A sentry with a rifle was on duty by this pile; he paced up and down the yard and occasionally went out into the street.

Without thinking twice, Yurii Andreievich took advantage of a moment when the sentry's back was turned and the wind had raised a cloud of snow into the air to creep up on the dark side, avoiding the lamplight, carefully loosen a heavy beam from the very bottom, and pull it out. He loaded it with difficulty on his back, immediately ceasing to feel its weight (your own load is not a burden), and, hugging the shadow of the walls, took the wood safely home.

Its arrival was timely; they had run out of firewood. The beam was chopped up, and the pieces were stacked. Yurii Andreievich lit the stove and squatted in front of it in silence, while Alexander Alexandrovich moved up his armchair and sat warming himself.

Yurii Andreievich took the newspaper out of the side pocket of his coat and held it out to him.

"Seen that? Have a look."

Still squatting on his heels and poking the fire, he talked to himself.

"What splendid surgery! You take a knife and with one masterful stroke you cut out all the old stinking ulcers. Quite simply, without any nonsense, you take the old monster of injustice, which has been accustomed for centuries to being bowed and scraped and curtsied to, and you sentence it to death.

"This fearlessness, this way of seeing the thing through to the end, has a familiar national look about it. It has something of Pushkin's uncompromising clarity and of Tolstoy's unwavering faithfulness to the facts."

"Pushkin, you said? Wait a second. Let me finish. I can't read and listen at the same time," said Alexander Alexandrovich under the mistaken impression that his son-in-law was addressing him.

"And the real stroke of genius is this. If you charged someone with the task of creating a new world, of starting a new era, he would ask you first to clear the ground. He would wait for the old centuries to finish before undertaking to build the new ones, he'd want to begin a new paragraph, a new page.

"But here, they don't bother with anything like that. This new thing, this marvel of history, this revelation, is exploded right into the very thick of daily life without the slightest consideration for its course. It doesn't start at the beginning, it starts in the middle, without any schedule, on the first week day that comes along, while the traffic in the street is at its height. That's real genius. Only real greatness can be so unconcerned with timing and opportunity."

FOR A LONG TIME most people's daily food consisted of thin millet boiled in water and soup made of herring heads; the herring itself was used as a second course.

THE PEOPLE in the cities were as helpless as children in the face of the unknown—that unknown which swept every established habit aside and left nothing but desolation in its wake, although it was itself the offspring of the city and the creation of city dwellers.

All around, people continued to deceive themselves,

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to talk endlessly. Everyday life struggled on, by force of habit, limping and shuffling. But the doctor saw life as it was. It was clear to him that it was under sentence. He looked upon himself and his milieu as doomed. Ordeals were ahead, perhaps death. Their days were counted and running out before his eyes.

He would have gone insane had he not been kept busy by the details of daily life. His wife, his child, the necessity to earn money, the humble daily ritual of his practice—these were his salvation.

He realized that he was a pigmy before the monstrous machine of the future; he was anxious about this future, and loved it and was secretly proud of it, and as though for the last time, as if in farewell, he avidly looked at the trees and clouds and the people walking in the streets, the great Russian city struggling through misfortune—and was ready to sacrifice himself for the general good, and could do nothing.

Train to the Urals

They had been traveling three days but had not got far from Moscow. The landscape was wintry. Tracks, fields, woods, and village roofs—everything was covered with snow.

The Zhivagos had been lucky enough to get a corner to themselves on the upper bunks, right up against the long bleary window close under the ceiling.

Antonina Alexandrovna had never traveled in a freight car before. The first time they got in Yurii Andreievich lifted her up to the high floor and pushed open the heavy sliding doors for her, but later she learned to climb in and out by herself.

The car looked to Antonina Alexandrovna no better than a pigsty on wheels, and she had expected it to fall apart at the first jar. But for three days now they had been jolted back and forth and from side to side as the train had changed speed or direction, for three days the wheels had rattled underneath them like the sticks on a mechanical toy drum, and there had been no accident. Her fears had been groundless.

The train had twenty-three cars (the Zhivagos were in the fourteenth). When it stopped at country stations, only a few front, middle, or end cars stood beside the short platform.

Sailors were in front, civilian passengers in the middle, and the labor conscripts in eight cars at the back. There were about five hundred of the latter, people of all ages, conditions, and professions.

They were a remarkable sight—rich, smart lawyers and stockbrokers from Petrograd side by side with cab drivers, floor polishers, bath attendants, Tartar ragpickers, escaped lunatics, shopkeepers, and monks, all lumped in with the exploiting classes.

The lawyers and stockbrokers sat on short thick logs in their shirt sleeves around red-hot iron stoves, told endless stories, joked, and laughed. They were not worried, they had connections, influential relatives were pulling strings for them at home, and at the worst they could buy themselves off later on.

The others, in boots and unbuttoned caftans, or barefoot and in long shirts worn outside their trousers, with or without beards, stood at the half-open doors of the airless cars, holding on to the sides or to the boards nailed across the openings, and gazed sullenly at the peasants and villages by the wayside, speaking to no one. These had no influential friends. They had nothing to hope for.

There were too many conscripts for the cars allotted them, and the overflow had been put among the civilian passengers, including those of the fourteenth car.

PECULIAR THINGS began to happen when they left Central Russia behind on their way east. They were going through a restless region infested with armed bands, past villages where uprisings had recently been put down. The train stopped frequently in the middle of nowhere and security patrols checked the passengers' papers and luggage.

Once they stopped at night, but no one came in and no one was disturbed. Yurii Andreievich wondered if there had been an accident and went out to see.

It was dark. For no apparent reason the train had stopped between two stations, in a field, with a row of firs on either side of the track. Other passengers who had come out and were stamping their feet in the snow told Yurii Andreievich that there was nothing wrong, but that the engineer refused to go on, saying that this stretch was dangerous and should first be inspected by handcar. Spokesmen of the passengers had gone to reason with him and if necessary to grease his palm. It was said that sailors were also taking a hand in it and would undoubtedly get their way.

The snow at the head of the train was lit up at intervals, as from a bonfire, by fiery flashes from the smokestack or the glowing coals in the firebox. By this light several dark figures were now seen running to the front of the engine.

The first of them, presumably the engineer, reached the far end of the running board, leapt over the buffers, and vanished as if the earth had swallowed him. The sailors who were chasing him did exactly the same thing: they too flashed for a moment through the air and vanished.

Curious about what was going on, several passengers, including Yurii Andreievich, went to see.

Beyond the buffers, where the track opened out before them, they were met with an astonishing sight. The engineer stood in the snow up to his waist. His pursuers surrounded him in a semicircle, like hunters around their quarry; like him, they were buried in snow up to the waist.

"Thank you, comrades, fine stormy petrels you are,"

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the engineer was shouting. "A fine sight, sailors chasing a fellow worker with guns! All because I said the train must stop. You be my witnesses, comrade passengers, you can see what kind of place this is. Anybody might be roaming around unscrewing the bolts. Do you think I'm worrying about myself, you God-damned bastards? To hell with you. It's for you I was doing it, so that nothing should happen to you, and that's all the thanks I get for my trouble! Go on, go on, why don't you shoot? Here I am. You be my witnesses, comrade passengers, I'm not running away."

Bewildered voices rose from the group. "Pipe down, old man . . . They don't mean it . . . Nobody would let them . . . They don't really mean it . . ." Others urged him on: "That's right, Gavrilka, stand up for yourself! Don't let them bully you!"

The first sailor to scramble out of the snow was a red-haired giant with a head so huge that it made his face look flat. He turned to the passengers and spoke in a deep, quiet, unhurried voice with a Ukrainian accent, his composure oddly out of keeping with the scene.

"Beg pardon, what's all this uproar about? Be careful you don't catch a chill in this cold, citizens. It's windy. Why not go back to your seats and keep warm?"

The crowd gradually dispersed. The giant went to the engineer, who was still worked up, and said:

"Enough hysterics, comrade engineer. Get out of the snow, and let's get going."

CLEARING THE LINE took three days, and all the Zhivagos, even Niusha, took part in it. They were the best three days of their journey.

The landscape had a withdrawn, secretive quality. It made one think of Pushkin's story about the Pugachev uprising and of some places described by Aksakov. The ruins added to the air of mystery; so did the wariness of the remaining villagers, who, afraid of informers, avoided the passengers and were silent even among themselves.

The workers were divided into gangs, with the labor conscripts and the civilians kept apart. Armed soldiers guarded each working group.

The tracks were cleared in several places at the same time by separate gangs. Mounds of snow between the sections hid the gangs from one another and were left untouched until the last.

The workers spent all day in the open, going back only to sleep. The days were clear and frosty, and the shifts were short because there were not enough shovels. It was sheer pleasure.

Zhivago's section of the track had a fine view. The country to the east dipped down into a valley and rose in gentle hills as far as the horizon.

On the top of a hill there was a house exposed to all the winds; its park must have been luxuriant in summer but could not give it any shelter now with its frosty lacework.

The snow smoothed and rounded all contours. It could not quite conceal the winding bed of a stream which in spring would rush down to the viaduct below the railway bank but at present was tucked up in the snow like a child in its cot with its head under the eiderdown.

Was anyone living in the house on the hill, Zhivago wondered, or was it standing empty and falling into ruins, held by some land committee? What had happened to the people who had once lived there? Had they fled abroad? Or been killed by the peasants? Or had they been popular and were they allowed to settle in the district as technical specialists? If they had stayed, had they been spared by Strelnikov or shared the fate of the kulaks?

The house teased his curiosity but kept its sorrowful silence. Questions were not in order in these days, and no one ever answered them. But the sun sparkled on the pure whiteness with a glare that was almost blinding. How cleanly his shovel cut into its smooth surface! How dry, how iridescent, like diamonds, was each shovelful. He was reminded of the days when, as a child in their yard at home, dressed in a braided hood and a black sheepskin fastened with hooks and eyes sewn in the curly fleece, he cut the dazzling snow into cubes and pyramids and cream puffs and fortresses and the cities of cave dwellers. Life had had zest in those far-off days, everything was a feast for the eyes and the stomach!

But these three days in the air, too, gave the impression of a feast. And no wonder! At night the workers received loaves of hot fresh bread, which was brought no one knew from where or by whose orders. The bread had a tasty crisp crust, shiny on top, cracked at the side, and with bits of charcoal baked into it underneath.

THEY BECAME FOND of the ruined station, as one becomes attached to a shelter used for a few days on a climbing trip in a snow-bound mountain. Its shape, its site, the details of its damage, remained imprinted in their memory.

They returned to it every evening just as the sun, as if out of loyalty to the past, set at its usual place behind an old birch tree outside the telegrapher's window.

At that spot the wall had caved into the room, but the corner facing the window had remained intact, with its coffee-colored wallpaper, the tiled stove with the round vent and the copper lid closed with a chain, and the inventory of the office furniture hanging on the wall in a black frame. As before the collapse, the setting sun brushed the tiles, brought out the warm brown glow on the wallpaper, and hung the shadow of the birch on the wall as if it were a woman's scarf.

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At the rear of the building, on the nailed door to the ruins of the waiting room, there was still an announcement, put up in the first days of the February revolution, or shortly before it, which said:

"Sick passengers are temporarily requested not to bother about medicines and bandages. For obvious reasons, am sealing door, of which am giving notice hereby.

"Medical Assistant
"Ust-Nemdinsk District"

When finally the last piles of snow between the cleared tracks were leveled, the entire line of rails came into view, flying into the distance like an arrow. On each side stretched white mountains of shoveled snow, bordered all along by the black walls of the forest.

As far as the eye could reach, groups of people with shovels in hand stood at intervals along the line. Seeing themselves for the first time in full force, they were astonished at their numbers.

It was learned that the train would leave shortly, despite the lateness of the hour and the approaching night.

SUDDENLY everything changed—the weather and the landscape. The plains ended, and the track wound up hills through mountain country. The north wind that had been blowing all the time dropped, and a warm breath came from the south, as from an oven.

Here the woods grew on escarpments projecting from the mountain slopes, and when the track crossed them, the train had to climb sharply uphill until it reached the middle of the wood, and then to go steeply down again.

The train creaked and puffed on its way into the wood, hardly able to drag itself along, as if it were an aged forest guard walking in front and leading the passengers, who turned their heads from side to side and observed whatever was to be seen.

But there was nothing yet to see. The woods were still deep in their winter sleep and peace. Only here and there a branch would rustle and shake itself free of the remaining snow, as though throwing off a choker.

Yurii Andreievich was overcome with drowsiness. All these days he lay in his bunk and slept and woke and thought and listened. But there was nothing yet to hear.

While Yurii Andreievich slept his fill, the spring was heating and melting the masses of snow that had fallen all over Russia, first in Moscow on the day they had left and since then all along the way—all that snow they had spent three days clearing off the line at Ust-Nemdinsk, all that thick, deep layer of snow that had settled over the immense distances.

At first the snow thawed quietly and secretly from within. But by the time half the gigantic labor was done it could not be hidden any longer and the miracle became visible. Waters came rushing out from below with a roar. The forest stirred in its impenetrable depth, and everything in it awoke.

There was plenty of room for the water to play. It flung itself down the rocks, filled every pool to overflowing, and spread. It roared and smoked and steamed in the forest. It streaked through the woods, bogging down in the snow that tried to hinder its movement, it ran hissing on level ground or hurtled down and scattered into a fine spray. The earth was saturated. Ancient pine trees perched on dizzy heights drank the moisture almost from the clouds, and it foamed and dried a rusty white at their roots like beer foam on a mustache.

The sky, drunk with spring and giddy with its fumes, thickened with clouds. Low clouds, drooping at the edges like felt, sailed over the woods and rain leapt from them, warm, smelling of soil and sweat, and washing the last of the black armor-plating of ice from the earth.

Yurii Andreievich woke up, stretched, raised himself on one elbow, and looked and began to listen.

A GROUP OF PRISONERS was being taken under guard up the station steps. Among them was a boy in a school uniform who was wounded in the head. He had received first aid, but a trickle of blood seeped through the bandage and he kept smudging it with his hand over his dark sweaty face. Walking between two Red Army men at the tail of the procession, he attracted notice not only by his resolute air, his good looks, and the pathos of so young a rebel's plight, but by the utter absurdity of his own and his two companions' gestures. They were doing exactly the opposite of what they should have done.

He was still wearing his school cap. It slithered continually from his bandaged head, and instead of taking it off and carrying it in his hand he rammed it back each time, disturbing the bandage and the wound, and in this his two guards assisted him readily.

In this absurdity, so contrary to common sense, the doctor saw a profound symbol. He longed to rush out and address the boy in words that were impatiently welling up inside him. He longed to shout to him and to the people in the railway coach that salvation lay not in loyalty to forms but in throwing them off.

He turned away. Strelnikov came in with long, vigorous strides and stood in the middle of the room.

How was it possible that he, a doctor, with his countless acquaintances, had never until this day come across anything so definite as this man's personality? How was it that they had never been thrown together, that their paths had not crossed?

Strelnikov ("the Shooter") knew that rumor had nicknamed him Razstrelnikov, "the Executioner." He

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took this in his stride; he was disturbed by nothing.

He was a native of Moscow, and his father was a worker who had been sent to prison for taking part in the revolution of 1905. He did not participate in the revolutionary movement in those years, first because he was too young, and at the university because young men who come from a poor background value higher education more and work harder than the children of the rich. The ferment among other students left him uninvolved. He absorbed an immense amount of information and after taking his degree in the humanities trained himself later in science and mathematics.

Exempted from the army, he enlisted voluntarily, was commissioned, sent to the front, and captured, and on hearing of the revolution in Russia he escaped in 1917 and came home. He had two characteristic features, two passions: an unusual power of clear and logical reasoning, and a great moral purity and sense of justice; he was ardent and honorable.

But he would not have made a scientist of the sort who break new ground. His intelligence lacked the capacity for bold leaps into the unknown, the sudden flashes of insight that transcend barren, logical deductions. And if he were really to do good, he would have needed, in addition to his principles, a heart capable of violating them—a heart which knows only of particular, not of general, cases, and which achieves greatness in little actions.

Filled with the loftiest aspirations from his childhood, he had looked upon the world as a vast arena where everyone competed for perfection, keeping scrupulously to the rules. When he found that this was not so, it did not occur to him that his conception of the world order might have been oversimplified. He nursed his grievance and with it the ambition to judge between life and the dark forces which distorted it, and to be life's champion and avenger.

Embittered by his disappointment, he was armed by the revolution.

In some inexplicable way it was clear at once that this man was entirely a manifestation of the will. So completely was he the self he resolved to be that everything about him seemed inevitable, exact, perfect—his well-proportioned, handsomely set head, his impetuous step, his long legs, his knee boots which may well have been muddy but looked polished, and his gray serge tunic which may have been creased but looked as if it were made of the best linen and had just been pressed.

Such was the irresistible effect of his brilliance, his unaffected ease, and his sense of being at home in any conceivable situation on earth.

He must certainly, Yurii Andreievich thought, be possessed of a remarkable gift, but it was not necessarily the gift of originality. This talent, which showed itself in his every movement, might well be the talent of imitation. In those days everyone modeled himself on someone else—they imitated heroes of history, or the men who had struck their imagination by winning fame in the fighting at the front or in the streets, or those who had great prestige with the people, or this or that comrade who had won distinction, or simply one another.

Strelnikov politely concealed any surprise or annoyance he may have felt at the presence of a stranger. He addressed his staff, treating Zhivago as if he belonged among them.

He said: "Congratulations. We have driven them back. It all seems more like playing at war than serious business, because they are as Russian as we are, only stuffed with nonsense—they won't give it up, so we have to beat it out of them. Their commander was my friend. His origin is even more proletarian than mine. We grew up in the same house. He has done a great deal for me in my life and I am deeply indebted to him. And here I am rejoicing that we have thrown them back beyond the river and perhaps even farther. Hurry up with that connection, Gurian, we need the telephone, we can't possibly manage with only messengers and the telegraph. Have you noticed how hot it is? I managed to get in an hour's sleep, just the same. Oh, yes!" He turned to the doctor, remembering that he had been waked up to deal with some nonsense in connection with this man.

"This man?" Strelnikov thought, looking him over sharply. "Nonsense! He's nothing like him. Fools!" He laughed, and said to Yurii Andreievich:

"My apologies, comrade. They mistook you for someone else. My sentries got mixed up. You are free to go. Where are the comrade's work papers? Ah, here are your documents. May I just have a glance . . . Zhivago . . . Doctor Zhivago . . . Moscow . . . How about going to my place for a moment? This is the secretariat, I'm in the next car. This way, I won't keep you long."

WHEN ZHIVAGO HAD GONE, Strelnikov telephoned the railway station.

"There's a schoolboy they've brought in, keeps pulling his cap over his ears and he's got a bandaged head, it's disgraceful.—That's right.—He's to have medical aid if he needs it.—Certainly.—Yes, like the apple of your eye; you'll be responsible to me personally.—Food, too, if necessary. That's right. Now, let's get down to business."

(This is the first of three installments.)

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Act Two Of Hungary's Tragedy

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE EXECUTION of Imre Nagy, Pal Maleter, and some of their associates marks a further and severe setback to de-Stalinization in all countries of the Communist bloc. The trend against de-Stalinization, which began after the Hungarian rising in October, 1956, and continued with the drive against "revisionism" and the revival of the anti-Titoist campaign, has now reached a decisive point. Even now the Soviet bloc has not lapsed back into the full darkness of the Stalin era, but once again the phantom of the Stalinist terror and the threat of the purge haunt heretics from China to East Germany.

It was not the fear of a new upsurge of Hungarian anti-Communism or of a Nagy comeback that induced the Communist leadership to wreak vengeance on Nagy and his friends. Nor was it the fear of Tito and Titoism that inspired the new drive against revisionism. There is enough evidence to show that the execution of Nagy was decided in Peking and Moscow over the objections of János Kadar, Nagy's successor in the leadership of the Hungarian Communist Party, and his colleagues. And the influence of Titoism had certainly not grown greatly in eastern Europe before the new drive against revisionism started. If anything, it had declined.

The initiative to call this dramatic and bloody halt to de-Stalinization has come from Peking—Mao Tse-tung has been the chief promoter of the drive against revisionism. Hesitantly and at first reluctantly, Khrushchev has toed Mao's line.

Mao has performed an amazing somersault since the days when he proclaimed a new era of freedom of expression and criticism in China, the era in which a hundred flowers were to blossom and a hundred schools of thought were to contend. This slogan continued to resound from Peking for several months after the Hungarian uprising. The cause for Mao's reversal of policy has therefore lain not so much in the repercussions of the Hungarian rising as in the domestic difficulties he has had to cope with.

Khrushchev too has been beset by troubles on his home front. At the same time, Peking and Moscow have been engaged in controversies over foreign policy and military strategy. The execution of Nagy is an outward sign of the critical stage these difficulties and controversies have reached.

Imre Nagy

Since Stalin's death, attention has been focused primarily on de-Stalinization and the conflict between the de-Stalinizers and the Stalinist die-hards. However, under the surface there have been other conflicts, more confused and perhaps much deeper. The de-Stalinizers themselves have increasingly split into a right wing and a left. The issues over which they have been divided have varied from eastern Europe to the Soviet Union and again from the Soviet Union to China; but the division has run across the whole of the Communist world.

Communism's Internal Triangle

In the main it has been a three-cornered struggle. Orthodox Stalinists, "de-Stalinizers of the Left," and the anti-Stalinist Right have confronted one another in shifting and changing alignments. In addition, in Moscow all these groups had to face a "Bonapartist" threat in Marshal Zhukov's aspiration to leadership. It is impossible to summarize in a brief article the complex and confused controversy and its many crosscurrents. Suffice it to say that in China and eastern Europe, where private farming still predominates or is not yet fully submerged, the program of the anti-Stalinist Right has in all essentials been reminiscent of the policies for which Bukharin and his school of thought stood in Russia in the 1920's and early 1930's. In those countries the Right has been more or less opposed to the collectivization of farming and the forcible development of heavy industry. It has stood for the expansion of consumer industries, for a market economy—i.e., for recasting the exchange of goods between town and country on a commercial basis—and for raising standards of living by these methods.

Within the Soviet Union itself, the "rightists" have advocated similar policies modified to suit the already highly developed heavy industrial base and the already collectivized farming. Throughout the whole of the Soviet bloc the Right has staked its hopes on an international *détente* and on an alliance between Communist and Socialist parties that was to be based on the recognition by the Communists of "the parliamentary road to socialism" and their virtual renunciation of violent revolution in capitalist countries. The chief advocates of this program appear to have been Malenkov, Chou En-lai, Tito, Nagy, Gomulka (until recent-

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ly), and, outside the Soviet bloc, Togliatti—before he was called to order.

THE DE-STALINIZERS of the Left have argued that it is impossible to secure a substantial and continuous rise in standards of living without the further planned priority promotion of heavy industry, and that the industrialization of the underdeveloped Communist countries could hardly proceed on the basis of private farming. This attitude has often coincided with that of the Stalinist die-hards. Against both the Stalinists and the anti-Stalinist Right, however, the Left has stressed the need for concessions to workers rather than to peasants and for a more equalitarian labor policy. Together with the Right, the Left has demanded greater freedom within the party and a relaxation of party controls over science, literature, and the arts. Finally, unlike the Right and some of the Stalinists, the Left has viewed critically the prospects of an international *détente* and the idea of a renunciation of violent revolution in the capitalist countries.

The de-Stalinizers of the Left appear to have been far more strongly represented in the middle and lower ranks of the Communist parties and among young people than in the top leadership. In some respects Dmitri T. Shepilov, the former Soviet foreign minister, appears to have been their spokesman within the Soviet Presidium until his demotion last July.

Khrushchev has held a center position all the time, just as Stalin once held it in the controversies between Trotskyists and Bukharinists, building his "platform" with planks borrowed from both Left and Right and struggling to keep both groups in check.

Mao's 'Coalition'

There can be no doubt that up to the Hungarian rising and even until the middle of last year, the Right was strongly in the ascendant. For a few months Mao appeared to be its champion, although the de-Stalinizers of the Left also drew inspiration from his hundred flowers and hundred schools. But recently right-wing revisionists have been speaking of Mao's "betrayal." Since last November—that is, since the conference of Communist leaders in Moscow, held during the fortieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution—Mao has indeed led something like a broad coalition of de-Stalinizers of the Left and Stalinists against the Right.

The partners of this coalition have, of course, acted from mixed motives. The Stalinist die-hards are primarily interested in arresting de-Stalinization and reversing it as far as possible. The de-Stalinizers on the Left are above all anxious to stem the rightist tide, which at the moment they seem to fear even more than a relapse into Stalinism.

It seems all too likely that in this coalition the Stalinist die-hards have the upper hand, even though their leaders, Molotov and Kaganovich, have suffered disgrace. However, both men have continued to exercise influence and instruct their followers—since the beginning of this year they have repeatedly appeared in Moscow. Khrushchev, despite all his triumphs over rivals in the Presidium, has found his freedom of action greatly restricted. He has had to contend with the right-wing revisionists, who have looked for inspiration to Malenkov; with the left-wing anti-Stalinists; with the orthodox Stalinists; and, finally, with the industrial managers, who have resented his decentralization of the structure of Soviet industry. (That reform has run far less smoothly than is officially admitted.)

Khrushchev's Two Faces

Khrushchev has therefore decided to calm part of the opposition and to appease Mao by agreeing to call a firm halt to de-Stalinization in the satellite countries and to control it in the Soviet Union as well. At this price he hopes to be able to pursue de-Stalinization in the field he is primarily interested in—the economic organization of the Soviet Union itself. Just a few days after Nagy's execution had been announced, the Soviet Central Committee accepted Khrushchev's proposal that Soviet farmers should immediately be freed—for the first time in more than thirty years—from all compulsory deliveries of food to the government, and that the entire Soviet exchange of goods between town and country should be placed on a commercial basis. With this reform, one of the central elements of Stalinist economics has been swept away. At the height of the drive against revisionism, Khrushchev himself thus appears as the archrevisionist. No one would have approved his latest reform more warmly than Nagy if he had lived to see it.

LAST but not least, the execution of Nagy has an important bearing on Soviet foreign policy. Khrushchev has been under attack in both Moscow and Peking for the failures of his peace offensives. His critics have claimed that such overtures to the West as he has made have all met with rebuffs from Washington, have failed to reduce international tension, and have only served to "soften" the Soviet bloc. He has now given way and has resolved to demonstrate that he is not pursuing the *détente* with too much zeal and that he would, in any case, not allow any softening within the Soviet bloc. (A revisionist told me recently: "Mr. Dulles has been our most dangerous enemy, far more deadly than Mao, Khrushchev, or even the Stalinist die-hards. He has been playing all the time into the hands of the Stalinists and of other adventurers.")

In these circumstances the latest blood purge in Budapest may well be the signal for a tightening up through the whole of the Soviet bloc, for renewed "vigilance" and discipline, and for a reinforcement of much of that isolationism in which the Communist world lived before the end of the Stalin era, during the years of the Rajk and Slansky trials. However, it remains to be seen to what extent that isolationism can be reinforced now and whether the present relapse into Stalinism is not going to provoke another explosion of anti-Stalinist revisionism later. By ordering Nagy's execution, Mao and Khrushchev may well have placed a delayed-action bomb in the foundations of their power.

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Togoland: The Election That Wouldn't Stay Fixed

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

ACCRA

"THIS ELECTION," a United Nations observer remarked to me in French Togoland on April 27, "is so crooked you could walk along it without going in the same direction twice." Within a period of forty-eight hours I had seen truckloads of "voters" come in from a neighboring country, electoral cards sold in an open market, and a "thumb-washing plant" where voters cleaned the indelible ink off their thumbs and went to vote again.

French Togoland, a country about the size of West Virginia with a population of more than a million, is on the West Coast of Africa between the French territory of Dahomey and independent Ghana. It is part of the former Germany colony of Togoland, which after the First World War was divided between France and the United Kingdom under the League of Nations system of mandates. After the Second World War, both mandates were continued under U.N. trusteeship. In 1956 the people of British Togoland voted—in a plebiscite supervised by the United Nations—to unite with the Gold Coast as the new independent state of Ghana.

'Organized' Elections

But self-determination in Togoland is no simpler than elsewhere. While British Togoland did vote for integration with the Gold Coast, not everybody wanted it. A section of its population, the Ewe tribesmen, voted in significant numbers for continuation of British trusteeship, apparently hoping to be reunited some day with the Ewe of French Togoland and eventually to achieve some form of autonomy. In fact, much of the drama of the recent elections in Togoland can be attributed to the tribal ties of the six hundred thousand Ewe who live on the French side of the frontier with the three hundred thousand Ewe who live on the Ghana side. (The figures come from Ewe spokesmen; some sources give much lower figures.)

In 1955, the French authorities in Togoland had organized elections—as a part of a program of extending additional self-government to the Togolese—but used an electoral list from which they had eliminated many of the elements that favored independence. These included a number of legislative candidates like Sylvanus Olympio, who was the leader of the major opposition party, the Comité de l'Unité Togolaise (C.U.T.). As a result of the recent elections Olympio is now premier, but in 1955 he was stripped of all civil rights for the minor technical offense of signing a sterling check in a franc-zone city. In retaliation, Olympio's party and the Mouvement Populaire Togolais (M.P.T.) refused to participate in the elections. The French were successful in their editing of the electoral list, and the legislative assembly that resulted from the 1955 elections was composed entirely of pro-government representatives from the two major pro-French parties, the Parti Togolais du Progrès (P.T.P.) and the Union des Chefs et des Populations du Nord (U.C.P.N.). Nicolas Grunitzky, the Afro-German leader of the P.T.P., became premier.

THE FRENCH administration held a referendum in 1956—from which the two main opposition parties again abstained—which "endorsed" the new government and asked the U.N. to terminate its trusteeship over the territory and give France permanent control. The U.N. had been asked to supervise this referendum but declined when France refused to revise the old electoral list.

In 1957, the U.N. General Assembly, having declined to recognize the elections of 1955, the referendum of 1956, or the "autonomous republic" that France claimed the 1956 referendum established, sent a commission to tour the territory. It found an increasing measure of local autonomy, but suggested that in order to terminate the trusteeship agreement new elections must be held under conditions agreed to by the U.N. The puppet Grunitzky government and France reluctantly agreed, thereby becoming morally obliged to invite U.N. observers.

A U.N. election commission, presided over by Max H. Dorsinville of Haiti, arrived at Lomé, the capital of French Togoland, on February 27, 1958, two months before the election, to find the notorious old electoral list still in use. Fifty thousand people—later the figure passed seventy-two thousand—were appealing to the courts against disfranchisement. The courts were dealing with fifteen cases a day, of which they were rejecting about seven. Among the documents plaintiffs were asked to produce were certificates of birth, residence, citizenship, and nonregistration elsewhere, photographs, and fingerprints—all signature-witnessed by village and cantonal chiefs and the local French administrator.

There were now just over a hundred candidates for forty-six seats, and candidates' deposits had been raised from $24 to $240 (to be returned if the candidate received at least ten per cent of the vote in his electoral district). This is one of the highest deposits required of candidates anywhere in the world, even though Togoland's per capita income of $20 is one of the lowest. Grunitzky's P.T.P. and his allies, who together held all the seats in the previous assembly, were contesting forty-three out of forty-six seats in the new and enlarged legislative assembly.

Stacked Cards

I arrived at Lomé on Friday, April 25, two days before the election, and called on the government information officer, two opposition leaders, and the U.N. office, which was receiving reports from twenty observers in the field. I learned that over half of the seventy-two thousand disfranchisement cases had now been dealt with—most of them in the past few days—and that fifteen thousand people had been reinstated. But

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twenty-eight thousand pleas had been rejected, and nearly thirty thousand cases were still pending and would not be dealt with before the election. The government spokesman said that 450,000 electoral cards had been issued (the figure reached 492,633 twenty-four hours later), or enough for about seventy-five per cent of the population of electoral age. One of the opposition leaders said many government supporters had four or five cards, while cabinet ministers had several hundred for distribution.

There were the usual stories of banned meetings, vote bribery, police concentrations in the strongest pro-independence areas, and new names on the "preventive detention" list (French law has no habeas corpus). In addition, more people had lost their civil rights, and economic and other government pressures were said to be on the increase. Those who hoped for independence were pessimistic.

On Saturday, April 26, the tension grew. Thirty shiny new Willys jeeps, loaded with steel-helmeted police carrying rifles, toured the sun-baked streets, and there was bitter talk in the cafés against the French-Grunitzky régime. Everybody expected a government victory, a wave of repression, and rioting.

A government spokesman made an election-eve estimate that his alliance would win thirty-one seats, the opposition fifteen. The opposition said the voting would be about even but that the government would win. A candid French information officer agreed, saying that in a fair poll the opposition would win at least eighty per cent of the poll, but that given the "present methods" it would be lucky to get fifty per cent.

Lomé has no newspapers, but there are many quarto-page broadsheets. Their flavor is that of provincial French journalism before the First World War, with headlines like "LA PATRIE EST EN DANGER!" They raised a cry of alarm about thousands of illegal voters coming from the French territory of Dahomey, and they asked how twenty U.N. observers responsible for 554 voting stations could be expected to check irregularities. But the opposition, too, had its outside resources: I was told later that Ewe tribesmen from Ghana were eluding government border patrols and joining their families in Lomé in the hope of voting for the opposition.

As the day wore on, I was frequently approached by earnest Togolese with stories of police brutality. The general ominous rumor of "votes from Dahomey" was soon to be heard on all sides. I went to the market, where I saw electoral cards being sold by Nigerian traders for 1,000 francs C.F.A. ($4.75).

In final statements, the two sides made their positions clear. The government candidates stood for union with France, while advocating more Africanization of the local administration. The C.U.T. and its allies stood for independence and reunification of the Ewe in some form of association with Ghana.

Pink Ballots and Clean Thumbs

Day broke on Sunday, April 27, to find crowds waiting at the polls in Lomé. Police jeeps with blaring horns and a truckload of grim-faced troops from across the Dahomey border gave a sense of urgency to an otherwise peaceful scene.

There was less and less talk of disfranchisement, more and more of plural voting and impersonation. One sober, unemotional opposition leader said that five hundred thousand voting cards represented about three hundred thousand qualified Togolese voters. An impartial official source figured 380,000 voters with 493,000 cards. Neither view was very reassuring.

I drove out to a nearby village in the constituency of Tsévié and at the first poll I found that voters were taking only one slip from the desk before going behind the curtain. I pointed out that they were entitled to take the ballots of all three local candidates, each using a different color, and choose which one to put in the envelope once they were inside the booth.

A voter said he had been told to take only the pink, or government, ballot, "so as to make no mistake." The election attendant told the voters in their own tongue that while the white men were there they should take one of each "to make your choice secret." Outside, I was introduced to a man who claimed to have voted three times for the government. His thumb, significantly, was still unmarked by indelible ink.

Mistaken for a U.N. observer, I was presented with three men, each with false cards, who had all come from Dahomey and voted "several times." The men confessed willingly and made no attempt to escape. They seemed glad to find a *Yovo* (European) who would probably do no more than put them safely in jail. I took photographs of them and drove off.

As I headed toward another voting station, a woman ran up and told me indignantly that a supporter of the régime was "washing thumbs" in his house. I arrived in the courtyard of the compound in time to find several people being thumb-washed. Behind them lay a pile of raw meat in a bucket. All forty men present said they were washing off the "vote ink" in order to cut up meat. I could only nod and ask, "What? All of you?"

I drove to the local U.N. observer's house to report the thumb-washing post. He said he knew of it, and of others besides: the crookedness of the election was so open that it was a question of choosing the most striking cases to report. He had found five Dahomey trucks himself in his area, but had been unable to find the passengers except in twos or threes.

Togolese officials freely admitted election irregularities, but they claimed it was the fault of the French —*they* ran the election. I called on a senior French official. Of course there was enormous electoral fraud, he said, but it was Grunitzky and the Togolese who did it all.

In the street, and mistaken once again for a U.N. observer, I was presented with another Dahomeyan voter by an enraged group. He told me he had arrived the previous night and had been given a voting card "by my uncle." The name on the card, he said, was not his own. He said he would like to cancel his vote and go home. He was sorry for any inconvenience he had caused.

In Mr. Morehouse's Villa

After dusk fell and the polls were closed, together with other correspondents and U.N. observers I called on Mr. Morehouse, an elderly

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white-haired Ewe who was the prime minister's press attaché. In a case made famous by the local broadsheets, he had borrowed a sum—the broadsheets said fifty thousand dollars—from French Togoland's poor man's credit bank and built himself a villa. One of the C.U.T. candidates in Lomé (who was later elected) had promised he would turn the Morehouse mansion into a public dance hall and cultural center.

Morehouse seemed confident about the future of his house and happy about the election. Apparently, everything had gone as it should have gone. He informed the press imperiously that "All the results will be given at once, at midnight." Some of the correspondents observed that all final results could hardly arrive that soon from the bush. Morehouse said that in any case the election figures had to be "approved by the minister of the interior" before they were released, to which someone retorted that he had suspected as much. Morehouse declined to join in the laughter, though he agreed finally that whatever was available by midnight would be announced.

Shortly after midnight a French reporter came to my room to report that the first ten contests had all been won by C.U.T. candidates, and that as a consequence the press office had been closed down. Three Ghanian reporters who were present jeeringly cried "Morehouse—no more house!" By this time, Premier Grunitzky had made a sudden reappearance in town and was anxiously rounding up his cabinet.

'*Ablode!*' and War Paint

By dawn the secret could be contained no longer, and an announcement was made that the C.U.T. had at least twenty-eight seats. Grunitzky telephoned a congratulatory message to Olympio.

The final figures gave thirty-one seats to the C.U.T. and its allied parties, fifteen to the pro-government P.T.P. and its allies—just the reverse of the government spokesman's eve-of-poll forecast. Grunitzky was re-elected to his seat in the legislative assembly, but only after 112 per cent of his district of Atakpamé had voted. French High Commissioner Georges Spénale reluctantly ordered an inquiry.

Lomé, normally a sleepy little port of forty thousand where nothing happens, was suddenly transformed into a carnival town. The population put on white calico and white powder—West African emblems of victory in battle—and paraded the streets, singing, dancing, and shouting *"Ablode! Ablode!"* ("Freedom"). When they saw my car's Ghanian license plates, they sprayed it with perfume and clustered around it shouting *"Ablode!"*

Everyone seemed to be holding open house. The streets were crowded. Cars and bicycles with white flags inched past the dancing girls and laughing children. Down a major avenue came a glistening new Italian motor scooter driven with regal pride by a well-dressed, sophisticated

young lady wearing nylons and sunglasses—and traditional Ewe war paint from ear to ear.

There was only one really calm man in town—Olympio. And he was calm in spite of his surprise. "With all the information I had on electoral frauds, I thought we might get twenty seats, twenty-one at most," he said.

Olympio's program was simple: amnesty for political prisoners, including civil-rights cases like his own, and Africanization of the local administration. When this was done, he expected to revise the electoral list and make a step toward Ewe reunification—a few days later he added "in some form of West African federation."

As the population completed its celebrations, the new government began laying its plans, the French authorities commented on the "unexpected disaster," and the U.N. observers sent in their reports to Election Commissioner Dorsinville, who began to draft his own report for the U.N. Trusteeship Council. His task was to compile a report on the "organization, conduct, and results of the elections." A source close to the commissioner said the long document would not be without its humorous touches.

For High Commissioner Spénale, U.N. orders were to "inform the Trusteeship Council of . . . the results of the elections, the convening of the new Legislative Assembly, and regarding any wishes which may be expressed by the Legislative Assembly concerning the new Political Status [of Togoland], and the termination of the Trusteeship Agreement."

No one wanted to predict what France's attitude to the defeat of its political protégés would be. French businessmen in the territory appeared to have mixed feelings. Some could see one obvious advantage if the government should go so far as federation with Ghana. Such a link would mean membership in the sterling bloc, a particularly attractive possibility at this stage of the franc's history. Some can see, too, the obvious advantage for everybody if a country with a $20 per capita income joins its economy to a nation with a per capita income of $140. Like the Togolese themselves, the French businessmen stand to get a bigger budget and more development—thanks to Ghanian taxpayers—than the present one of $6 million, a fourth of which is dependent on French aid.

Although Olympio had referred to the "tough economic and social problems" ahead, he and his admirers were generally optimistic. German industry, for example, would like to return to Togo; and the Togolese, for the most part, remember the Germans with the affection born of their forty years' absence. And yet many highly placed Frenchmen believe that relinquishing Togoland would be a fatal example, leading to a greater resurgence of independence movements in French West Africa, French Equatorial Africa, and Madagascar. The French realize that a great deal may depend on the immediate future of little "uneconomic" Togoland. Certainly, the results of the elections of April 27 have made it clear that whatever shape that future may take, it will be determined in larger measure than ever before by the Togolese themselves.

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Governor Faubus Tries for a Third Term

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

At eleven-twenty on a recent Friday morning, Orval Eugene Faubus walked into the large, dark-paneled reception room of his office in the State Capitol at Little Rock. Under a misshapen straw hat, the Arkansas governor's folksy smile was frozen on a face in which the eyes were almost hidden between pads of flesh. Quickly surveying the score of people waiting on chairs banked along three sides of the room, he started with the first on the right, holding out a surprisingly small hand and circling the room to shake hands with each of the men and women, some of whom were in city dress, others in the clothes of the field. When he had finished, he took off his hat and went into his private office.

Although his official campaign headquarters had not yet opened, there was no doubt that Orval Faubus was already running—his full energies devoted to winning the July 29 gubernatorial primary election, in which he has two Democratic opponents. As one of his assistants conceded that morning, Faubus had been "campaigning for months." Faubus's campaign actually began in mid-August of 1957, when he announced at a staff meeting that he had reached two decisions: to run for a third two-year term and to call out the state troops when Little Rock's Central High School opened on a partially integrated basis some two weeks later.

With the implementation of the second decision in early September, all the other political issues in Arkansas became badly blurred. But during the rest of July a few of them will again be raised along with the issue of school segregation as the governor's "record" is defended by the Faubus camp and attacked by his opponents.

Some of the discussion will concern the tax increases Faubus pushed through the Arkansas legislature in 1957. Of the additional $18.5 million collected in the fiscal year just ended, some $14 million went for increased salaries to schoolteachers. They received an average annual raise of $717, and the Arkansas public-school system—long considered one of the poorest in the nation—is now in a position to attract qualified instructors.

In the underprivileged state of Arkansas, where the decline in population has been a source of great concern for some years and where per capita income is still only about half of the national average, Faubus has also shifted the larger state expenditures to take maximum advantage of the counterpart Federal funds that are available in many fields. As his budget director, Julian Hogan, frankly admitted recently, "Our whole fiscal program is geared to Federal funds. We've increased our public-welfare expenditures almost sixty per cent, but the Federal government will more than match every additional dollar we put up. And when we expanded our educational facilities, much of it went to vocational rehabilitation or the agricultural extension service, where Federal funds are also available."

Little Folks and Big Corporations

Faubus increased highway department revenues in 1957 by doubling a driver's annual license fee. Under the Federal Highway Act of 1956, the Federal government can now put up as much as nine dollars for every dollar the state supplies for highways. Thus, the Arkansas Highway Department's final letting of contracts for fiscal 1957-1958, covering twenty-five projects, called for a state appropriation of $1 million, to be matched by $5,750,000 in Federal aid. In all, advance estimates indicate that the State of Arkansas spent slightly less than $140 million in the year that ended June 30, and that the Federal government may have come very close to matching the sum dollar for dollar.

The enlarged budget also allowed Faubus to increase the number of voters on the state payroll by twenty per cent. The eleven thousand state employees may be expected to furnish a fairly solid voting bloc for Faubus and as much as $50,000 for his campaign treasury.

Budget Director Hogan has freely admitted that the governor's new taxes came mainly "from the pockets of the little folks." Corporations were only asked "to participate to a degree that would not hurt them." About $15 million of the $18.5-million increase in state revenue came from raising the sales tax from two to three per cent, and most of the balance came from the state income tax, whose base was broadened to include some thirty-five thousand previously exempt low-income wage earners.

Governor Faubus and his supporters have argued that this policy was the only practicable one—that the alternative, a tax increase for corporations, would discourage the very industrialization Arkansas is trying to attract. But this argument ignores one important factor: the policy of Faubus's Public Service Commission.

Since 1955, when Faubus took office, the PSC has granted rate increases of $9.6 million a year to the Arkansas-Louisiana Gas Company, the major supplier of natural gas in the state, plus increases of $3.9 million to the Arkansas Power & Light Company, Ark-La's counterpart in the electric-power field. The combined $13.5 million a year represents greater utility-rate increases than have been granted under any previous governor.

These rate increases in themselves have had a considerable effect on industrialization within the state. Natural gas is the major source of all power in Arkansas, and long before Faubus introduced his new tax program, Arkansas Power & Light had publicly warned that the increased gas rate would hobble Arkansas' drive for new industry. In December, 1956, the Reynolds Metals Company, which is the largest single employer in Arkansas except the state itself, underscored this warning by canceling earlier plans to expand its operations in Arkansas, complaining

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that Arkansas-Louisiana Gas would not give long-range guarantees of either supply or firm prices. Instead, Reynolds in 1957 almost doubled the capacity of its aluminum plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, where it enjoys a cheaper and more abundant supply of power from the TVA.

MUCH OF the recent political history of Arkansas involves these two great utilities, Ark-La and A.P.&L. Until 1948, Arkansas Power & Light, serving most of the statewide domestic and commercial markets, had things pretty much its own way in lightly industrialized Arkansas, and it was the principal campaign contributor in the state. Furthermore, its president, C. Hamilton Moses, had served as administrative assistant to three Arkansas governors, and he continued to see politics as a legitimate means of achieving business ends. With the help of sympathetic governors and legislators, Moses fought off Rural Electrification Administration co-operatives for many years, and with such success that to this day no REA co-op in Arkansas possesses its own generating facilities.

But another kingmaker appeared on the horizon in the person of W. R. Stephens, a burly, outspoken man who had risen from selling belt buckles and Bibles to bonds. In October, 1954, Stephens borrowed more than $20 million to buy a controlling interest in the Arkansas-Louisiana Gas Company, and in 1956 Stephens was the major source of financial support in Faubus's campaign for a second term. Informed estimates of how much he will raise for Faubus in the current campaign range as high as $150,000.

The Arkansas Public Service Commission's lenient policy on natural-gas rate increases has been the major factor in the rise of Ark-La's stock from the $12.50 a share at which Stephens bought it to about $33 per share, not counting two ten per cent stock dividends. Before Stephens became chairman of Ark-La's board of directors in January, 1957, he had sold all but about fifty thousand shares of his stock in the company. But with his stock sales, Stephens had been able to repay his entire loan with interest and also to make more than $10 million for himself.

Ark-La did suffer one temporary setback in February, 1957, when the Arkansas Supreme Court ruled that the Public Service Commission had erred in permitting use of the so-called "fair field price," whereby Ark-La could charge as much for the natural gas it produced from its own wells as it did for the gas it bought from other companies at prevailing open market prices. By the following Wednesday, Ark-La's stock had dropped from 23½ to 20⅛. Two days later, however, the Arkansas legislature passed—and Faubus then signed into law—a bill legalizing the fair-field method of pricing. Ark-La's stock closed out the week at $22.75.

A number of high-ranking state officials have benefited from timely investment in Ark-La stock. As of October, 1956, a list of those owning more than one hundred shares included the state revenue commissioner and a member of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, as well as two current officers and one former employee of the Public Service Commission, the very agency responsible for regulating Ark-La's gas rates. There was also Claude Carpenter, Jr., who was then one of Faubus's administrative aides but who has since been appointed Public Service Commission attorney. If all these officials bought their Ark-La stock at the low of $12.50 a share, and if all still retain possession, each has now seen his investment tripled, to say nothing of the cash dividends enjoyed in the meantime.

But Can He Get Fifty per Cent?

In deciding to run for re-election, Faubus had apparently discounted the fact that Arkansas voters have refused to elect any governor to a third term in the last fifty years, although three have tried just since 1940. The anti-third-term sentiment has a constitutional basis in the Arkansas system of staggering appointments to state regulatory commissions and boards of control. A third-term governor, it is argued, would soon control every state commission and board by virtue of having appointed a majority of its members.

The voters must also consider the issue of Orval Faubus himself, a governor alternately indecisive and brash, a politician subject to flashes of both shrewdness and stupidity, and a man who asks no one for advice but frequently accepts it from anyone who can reach his ear. Since 1955 he has taken a dozen-odd public polls, letting the results—rather than his own convictions—dictate his decisions. Faubus often tries to please everybody and ends up pleasing nobody, as when he recently permitted his legislative secretary to sponsor two measures that were abhorrent to labor unions and then posed for pictures signing a union-circulated petition against one of the measures.

In both 1954 and 1956 Faubus enjoyed the support of the unions, but at a state AFL-CIO convention on May 24, the unions passed a resolution withdrawing support from the governor. In 1954, when he ran against Francis Cherry, Faubus carried only two precincts in Little Rock, both predominantly Negro, and the Negro voters continued to support him in 1956, if only as the lesser of the evils available. Of course he has now lost the Negro votes.

He has also lost a certain amount of backing among people who at first supported him because of his promise to bring industry into the state. The Arkansas Industrial Development Commission admits that the number of new jobs in the state has fallen off in the last year, even though its annual budget, including national advertising, was almost quadrupled a year ago. Winthrop Rockefeller, the transplanted New Yorker whom Faubus named as chairman of the AIDC, has publicly blamed the Little Rock school crisis for this situation. And an AIDC official has told friends that the governor's actions last September discouraged new industry. "Here we were," he is reported as saying, "trying to prove that we have a nice

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way of life down here, small clean towns and hard-working, law-abiding citizens." It was, as another AIDC employee put it, "as if somebody had taken the climate away from California."

The governor's action at Central High School has not won him the confidence of the more determined segregationist leaders. Although most of the voters think only of Central High, segregationist leaders cannot forget that practically every state building constructed during Faubus's régime contains joint toilet facilities for whites and Negroes, including the new state Justice Department Building in Little Rock, which the governor formally opened in early June of this year. Above all, they know that Faubus made no move to interfere when Negro students were brought into all-white schools in a half dozen other Arkansas towns before Little Rock, or even when the 1955 integration program in Hoxie led to milling crowds and threats of violence.

Despite all this opposition, Faubus seems almost certain to lead his two opponents in the July 29 primary. But unless he can muster more than fifty per cent of the votes, he will be forced into a runoff with the opponent receiving the next highest number of votes. In the past an incumbent governor who failed to receive a clear majority in the first primary has always been defeated in the runoff. Faubus himself defeated former Governor Cherry in their 1954 runoff primary.

Two candidates have entered the the race against Faubus. One is Chris Finkbeiner, a wealthy meat packer who insists that he will do everything legally possible to prevent racial integration in the schools. The other challenge comes from Lee Ward, a chancery judge from the strongly pro-segregation area of eastern Arkansas, which lies in the Mississippi delta. Ward is campaigning as a segregationist by personal choice but also as a defender of the law of the land. Ward's major attribute is his ability as a stem-winding stump speaker, which almost offsets the emotional attachment the mere name of Orval Faubus now arouses in many areas.

If these two men can prevent Faubus from coming out of the July 29 primary election with a clear majority, there would seem to be little chance that the governor could win in the runoff, especially in view of the number of large and small factions in the state that he has left suspicious, distrustful, and even downright antagonistic.

It is doubtful whether Orval Faubus realized beforehand that his action in the Central High School situation involved much more than a slight concession to the predominant segregationist sentiments in his state. But he knows now that his political future lies in the raw emotional appeal of Southern racial customs, and in his status among many of the less articulate Arkansans as the symbol of opposition to racial integration in the schools.

The recent Federal court decision to delay integration at Central High School has once again boosted Faubus's standing with many of these voters. The Little Rock school board, in pleading for the two-and-a-half-year delay, was forced to admit that it had selected January, 1961, as the new starting date for integration partly because Orval Faubus would no longer be governor then unless he should run and be elected to a fourth term.

FAUBUS'S BEST HOPE for re-election is to maintain his somewhat vague status as the symbol of a disturbed public opinion. Arnold Sikes, his top assistant, well realizes this fact. "I've talked to voters," Sikes said recently, "who say they'd pay ten per cent sales taxes if the Governor would hold the line on integration."

Congressman Powell's Downhill Fight in Harlem

WILL CHASAN

NEW YORK POLITICIANS are learning to their vast and public consternation that the race issue can be as complex and unpredictably explosive in the North as in the South. Their immediate classroom is New York State's Sixteenth Congressional District, in Harlem. In this area, where white faces are conspicuously rare and the marks of poverty are commonplace, Tammany boss Carmine De Sapio is trying to block renomination on the Democratic ticket, and re-election on any ticket, of a troublesome Negro congressman, Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. This attempted purge seems so far to have been a first-class political blunder. Some political observers think that it may even alienate enough Negro votes to imperil the re-election of Averell Harriman, New York's Democratic governor, in the contest to come this fall.

Powell, a big, handsome, and flamboyant forty-nine-year-old extrovert, has represented Harlem in Congress since 1945 and is minister of its largest church, the Abyssinian Baptist, which he inherited from his father. He began his political career in 1941, when he was elected to the New York City Council. In those days he was accused of flirting with the Communist Left. He was elected to Congress with the support of the American Labor Party—as well as the Republicans.

POWELL, who is married to jazz pianist Hazel Scott, has taken to driving foreign sports cars and has a reputation as a playboy. But he has been, with only occasional backsliding, the country's most eloquent spokesman, if also a demagogic one, for civil rights "today—right now." This is a considerable asset in Harlem, and worth, as unkind critics have noted, $500 to Powell for a speaking engagement elsewhere.

Notoriously unco-operative with the Democratic organization in New York and Washington, Powell had provided De Sapio with a legitimate excuse for trying to purge him by

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supporting Eisenhower in 1956. In politics, opposing one's own party has traditionally been regarded as a capital offense. Whether this was De Sapio's real reason, or merely a conveniently plausible one, is impossible to know. Powell, who is next in line for the chairmanship of the strategic House Committee on Education and Labor, says that De Sapio has made a deal with the Dixiecrats to deprive him of the chairmanship by denying him the Democratic nomination. The Dixiecrats have reason to remember the Powell amendment, which would have denied school funds to segregated districts. Even if Powell were to be re-elected as a Republican or as an independent, he would forfeit all the seniority he has built up as a Democratic congressman. This would put the committee chairmanship beyond his grasp, a development Dixiecrats would relish.

IN ANY EVENT, Powell seemed in a poor position to fight back. He was and still is under indictment for Federal income-tax evasion. (Two of his secretaries have been convicted and a third has been indicted for a similar offense.) It is being said that the indictment was shelved for political reasons in 1956, when he supported Eisenhower, and revived for political reasons now. The grand jury indicted Powell after it had been sent copies of the *National Review*, a right-wing political weekly, which characterized the failure to prosecute Powell as "most probably an act of political gratitude" by the Eisenhower administration.

But the tax indictment, which is regarded as being less than a decisive political factor in Harlem, was only one of Powell's troubles. He had little or no support in the Harlem Democratic organization, whose leaders he had pretty consistently snubbed. Tom Curran, New York County (Manhattan) Republican chairman, was flatly opposed to his getting the Republican nomination. In addition, many people of influence in the Negro community had been disenchanted by Powell's erratic behavior in the civil-rights fight.

In 1956, for instance, during a debate in Congress on civil-rights legislation, Powell had left the country for a three-month European jaunt. "Why should we stay here and do his dirty work?" a fellow congressman had grumbled. A year earlier, he had inexplicably rushed off to the Asian-African Conference at Bandung to announce that in the United States "racism and second-class citizenship are on the way out." "To be a Negro is no longer a stigma," he told an international press conference. "It is a mark of distinction to be a Negro in the U.S. today." "Not only Harlem but the entire city of New York is proud of Adam Clayton Powell," the New York *Daily Mirror* intoned fatuously. But in the Negro

press, which is vividly aware of every manifestation of discrimination, Powell was denounced as a "Brutus."

"Adam's all talk," says Ernest Johnson, a Harlem insurance broker who some years back was a Washington correspondent and one of Powell's close associates. "You can never really depend on him for anything."

Mr. De Sapio's Miscalculation

De Sapio presumably thought that Powell would make an easy victim. Harlem is overwhelmingly Democratic. Even in 1956, when Adlai Stevenson's Harlem vote fell 22,000 below his 1952 vote, he got two-thirds of the total. It may have appeared to De Sapio that all he had to do was beat Powell in the party primary, where it is normally fairly easy for the organization to win, and Powell would be finished.

But what is happening is so dramatically different as to make De Sapio and, to a lesser extent, Curran look ludicrous. Right now, De Sapio and his cohorts in Harlem could not elect the proverbial dogcatcher. Harriman and New York's Mayor Robert Wagner, who, according to persistent reports, hopes to be drafted as the Democratic candidate for the Senate, have announced primly that they won't get involved in the battle of Harlem. Powell, who is noisily attributing all his difficulties to "race bias," "white Citizens' Councils," "Dixiecrats," "Uncle Toms," "hat-in-hand Negroes," and "downtown bosses," has become the idol of the community.

Harlem, whose residents refer to it as "uptown," to distinguish it from the vague and hostile white world "downtown," has a community spirit that manifests itself in a closing of ranks whenever the "downtown" world attacks one of its leaders. Its feelings were demonstrated quite plainly in mid-May at an N.A.A.C.P. rally in front of the Hotel Theresa on 125th Street, held to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the Supreme Court decision outlawing school segregation. Some three thousand people booed Manhattan Borough President Hulan Jack, a Negro, who is De Sapio's chief lieutenant in Harlem, for ten minutes. They refused to let him speak until Powell intervened benignly on his behalf.

Powell's own speech was an uninhibited appeal to race. A Negro leader who has been following Powell's career with a critical eye for twenty years says, "Adam is now trying to capture the leadership of all the dark-skinned peoples of the United States." He has been playing up the fact that Negroes and Puerto Ricans, a growing minority in his district, constitute forty-five per cent of Manhattan's population, and suggesting that it was time they received more recognition. There is also the implied suggestion, of course, that they may soon be the arbiters of who is entitled to what in city politics. At the Hotel Theresa meeting, Powell denounced Jack as an "Uncle Tom" doing the bidding of De Sapio, whom Powell called a "Mississippi boss." The intensity of race feeling was such that Charles Abrams, chairman of the State Committee Against Discrimination, who

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was at the platform, was told, "You can go downtown now. We don't need you any more."

Mr. Wilkins's Caution

The next day, Powell, aiming at inducing an "emotional jag" in the crowd, as one of his aides put it, warned Jack and De Sapio to stay off the streets of Harlem. His implied threat provoked almost unanimous condemnation in New York newspapers, including those published in Harlem, and the N.A.A.C.P. issued a statement deploring Powell's "extreme racialism." But the next day Roy Wilkins, N.A.A.C.P. executive secretary, hastily issued a second statement to emphasize that the N.A.A.C.P. had not "sided" against Powell and that it regarded the De Sapio purge as "phony." "The record shows," the N.A.A.C.P. statement concluded, "that Representative Powell has fought courageously and vigorously for civil rights through the years." Whatever Wilkins thought of Powell's "extreme racialism," he obviously did not want to place the N.A.A.C.P. in the camp of Powell's enemies.

Joining Powell's enemies, as Harlem knows well, is a hazardous commitment. He has made it clear in the current campaign, for example, that anyone who opposes him will be smeared as an "Uncle Tom." When Earl Brown, a Harvard-educated journalist who is an assistant editor of *Life* and has represented Harlem constructively and without histrionics in the City Council since 1950, agreed to become the Democratic organization candidate against Powell, he was promptly denounced as "a Charlie McCarthy for Hulan Jack, Carmine De Sapio, and the Dixiecrats" and as a "hat-in-hand Negro." "If Powell were a white man in Mississippi," says a Negro publicist, "he would be another Bilbo."

UNFORTUNATELY, a Negro Bilbo appears to be exactly what the Harlem community wants at the moment. "It has been a long time since Harlemites have been so engrossed in domestic politics as they are now," a columnist for the New York *Age*, a Harlem newspaper, reported recently. "During the past week politics has been the topic of almost every conversation. . . . It is difficult to believe that Rep. Adam Clayton Powell has ever enjoyed the popularity he has today." The wife of a prominent Negro leader, in a letter to Murray Baron, New York County chairman of the Liberal Party, which has consistently opposed Powell as a demagogue, said bitterly, "I would venture the opinion, based upon the unanimity of the many Negroes to whom I have talked, ranging from physicians and lawyers to car washers, that no candidate selected by your party or any other group could defeat Mr. Powell." Every straw vote in Harlem has pointed to the same conclusion. Jimmy Booker, a knowledgeable reporter for the *Amsterdam News*, Harlem's largest newspaper, thought at the end of May that if the Sixteenth Congressional District were polled then, Powell would get around seventy per cent of the vote. Powell's campaign manager, Ray Jones, a formidably adroit politician who was once the most powerful Tammany leader in Harlem and who is known there as "the Fox," predicts that his man will get eighty per cent of the vote.

Harlem's 'Symbol of Discontent'

It is now obvious that De Sapio's action, coming on the heels of the tax indictment, touched an exposed nerve in the Harlem community. "It seems," says Booker, "that nearly every time a Negro gets anywhere in public life, he's accused of some kind of immorality and pressured to resign. It has happened so many times in the past five or six years that it has seeped into the consciousness of the community. People are sick of it." A couple of weeks earlier, Lester Granger, head of the National Urban League and one of the most moderate of Negro leaders, had remarked that the Powell indictment "will probably bring a smirking satisfaction to the idiotic of his local political rivals. It is bound to send enemies of Negro progress into transports of exultation."

But this resentment over what is viewed as the tearing down of a Negro leader is only one of the factors that are giving the political fight De Sapio touched off in the Sixteenth the overtones of a colonial rebellion. Ray Jones calls Powell "the symbol of Harlem's discontent." The discontent wells up from numerous sources: the Negroes' failure to make satisfactory progress toward equality, the nerve-fraying battle over school integration in the South, widespread unemployment in Harlem, and the constantly reiterated advice to them to "go slow" in their fight for equality. Powell's civil rights "today —right now" line is exactly what Harlem wants to hear. It is noteworthy that Eisenhower, who told a meeting of Negro publishers in Washington on May 12 to "have patience," got a glacial reception. LEADERS SHUN IKE'S ADVICE, said a banner headline in one Negro newspaper; WANT ACTION, NOT 'PATIENCE.' The N.A.A.C.P. may be regarded as wildly militant in some circles, but in Harlem it is sometimes criticized as being run by timid "fuddy-duddies."

The Politics of Religion

There is a more immediate cause of the current anti-Tammany sentiment in Harlem, which is really directed against nearly everything outside of Harlem. This is the conviction that the community, one of the strongest Democratic areas in New York, is starved for patronage because it is Negro and Protestant. There is a widespread feeling that Tammany leaders in Harlem have been hand-picked for servility, that they are much too content with much too little patronage, and that they tend to gobble up for themselves and their families the little that is available.

But the complaints about patronage generally have racial and religious overtones. "One Italian leader on the fringe of Harlem with a fifth-grade education gets four times the salary of an educated Negro leader of the Democratic party despite the fact that this Negro leader controls a district four times the size," Powell told a recent Harlem rally. In 1954, he launched a United Protestant Political Action Movement to combat a "policy based upon pure religious bigotry to deny Protestants equal representation in our city government."

Like many other Powell-led movements, this one expired after the

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initial press releases, but its appeal still finds a responsive chord in Harlem, which is hungry for economic opportunity and for status. Harlem ministers openly charge that their parishioners are being "enticed" into the Catholic Church by the hope of political preferment. Hulan Jack's unpopularity in Harlem derives largely from the fact that he is regarded as the symbolic "political convert" to Catholicism.

Powell, as it happens, has been of little help in providing patronage. In 1945, when the D.A.R. refused his wife, Hazel Scott, permission to perform in Washington's Constitution Hall, he asked Mrs. Truman to cancel an engagement to be guest of honor at a D.A.R. tea. Mrs. Truman did not approve of the D.A.R.'s action but wouldn't agree to withdraw. Powell promptly labeled her "the last lady of the land" and made other insulting remarks about her. Truman, who regularly erupts when any member of his family is criticized, said nothing for publication, but Powell has received no patronage to dispense since then. In Washington, according to a saying there, the skids stay greased.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that the Baptist Ministers Conference of Greater New York and Vicinity and the Ministerial Alliance of African Methodist Episcopal Churches, groups that normally do considerable bickering with each other, have united behind Powell. A resolution adopted by the A.M.E. called Powell a "symbol of Harlem. We need not always agree with him," it said, "or be of the same political party to resent the current attempts to deny him a place on the ballot in November."

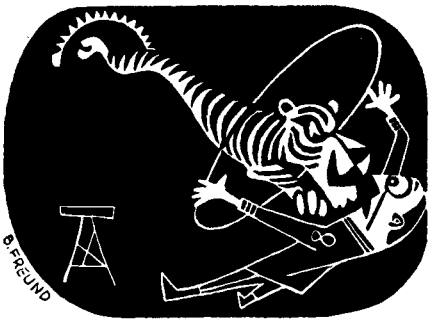
In Harlem, as in many Negro communities in the South, ministers exert an enormous influence. "This is our town and we are going to run it!" Powell stormed at one meeting of Baptist ministers. The action taken by the Harlem ministers, especially those of the militant Baptist Church, created great excitement.

James L. Hicks, the managing editor of the *Amsterdam News*, says that "in three years of sitting in this chair, I have never seen a headline in the *Amsterdam News* which aroused so much enthusiasm among Negroes as this one [about the Baptists] did."

Parochialism Before Party

The surge of support for Powell, which includes many of the Negro community's leading citizens, among them A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and an almost legendary figure in Harlem, seems to be obliterating party lines. Powell has already been assured of the Republican nomination by Harlem's Republican leaders. A day after George Mintzer, acting chairman of the advisory council to the New York County Republican Committee, announced that the council opposed endorsing Powell, he got a brusque letter from Harlem's Republican leaders saying, "We don't tell you whom to nominate in white districts. Don't tell us whom to nominate here."

This is characteristic of Harlem's current mood. It doesn't want to be told what to do by "downtown



white bosses." Nor is it conspicuously cordial toward Negro leaders whose main associations are with the white community. Roy Wilkins was pointedly told by a Harlem newspaperman a while back that though ninety-nine per cent of the white people attending conventions of Americans for Democratic Action or the AFL-CIO would recognize him instantly as a great Negro leader, very few people on Harlem's Seventh Avenue would know who he was.

In a sense, this is grotesquely unfair. A survey of the *Catholic Digest* last year showed that less than one-half of one per cent of the Negroes in the United States claimed that they had never heard of the N.A.A.C.P., and that well over ninety per cent thought it helpful. But the Harlem newspaperman's criticism of Wilkins reflects the fact that despite all the talk about integration, a substantial part of the Negro community is resentful of any member of the race who moves freely on terms of equality in the white world "downtown," possibly because for most Harlemites this is impossible. "I don't want to go where I'm not wanted" is a constant, pained refrain in Harlem, one is told.

IN THE FIGHT for the Democratic nomination, which Powell wants very much to win so as to preserve his seniority in Congress, he is trying to turn the suspicious parochialism of his constituents against Brown. "Brown's Harvard education warped him," says Ray Jones, who is trying to conjure up an image of Brown as an Ivy League snob who considers himself above the community. He has been reminding Harlemites that "Look Down Brown" once wrote an article for *Life* in which he observed that Joe Louis's prowess in the ring was not, regrettably, matched by his intelligence outside it. Brown's description of Louis, Jones suggests, was a slur on a Negro hero.

Although Powell is a current favorite to win the Democratic nomination, this represents his toughest hurdle. The regular organization will do its best to keep him off the ballot. "You never can tell," a Democratic worker in Harlem said slyly a few weeks ago; "an awful lot of petitions get thrown out in the courts." Powell's campaign manager chuckles over this. "Yes, we have Democratic captains coming to the church [the Abyssinian Baptist Church was Powell's only campaign headquarters at first] to offer their help," says Jones. "But I know how petitions can be made invalid. We're careful, very careful."

There is also a move, in which Jones disclaims any interest, to enter Powell in the Liberal Party primary; and to complete the political spectrum, on May 30 New York State Communist Party Chairman Benjamin J. Davis, a Negro writing in the *Worker*, the Communist publication, called for all-out Communist support of Powell "as a symbol of the whole national Negro liberation movement on the political

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and electoral front." "It is quite possible," one New York politician commented wryly, "that after August 12, primary day, Powell may be the only candidate."

A good measure of Powell's commanding position in the Harlem community is the fact that De Sapio and Baron found it exceedingly difficult to get anyone to oppose him in a district where for a quarter of a century the Democratic nomination has been a guarantee of election. Their first several choices, which included Thurgood Marshall, the N.A.A.C.P.'s brilliant counsel, and the Reverend James Robinson of Harlem's Church of the Master, declined. Robinson, a Democrat who in 1953 ran as a Liberal against Hulan Jack, is regarded as one of the few men who could "stand up to Powell." But even the personal entreaties of Governor Harriman, whom De Sapio summoned to help salvage the situation, failed to move him. Robinson indicated in private conversations that while he would welcome a contest with Powell, he felt that Tammany had so outraged the Harlem community that it would be a disservice to that community to carry Tammany's banner this year. Subsequently, Robinson endorsed Brown but reaffirmed his queasiness about Tammany.

NOT ALL of Powell's opponents consider him unbeatable. "Don't forget," said one Democratic leader, "that Adam built up a lot of momentum before he had an opponent. It was a terrible blunder on De Sapio's part to read Powell out of the party before another candidate had been obtained. But once Brown begins taking Powell apart, things may change."

It is also being said that Harlem's present emotional jag won't endure and that, anyway, many of Powell's hottest adherents never vote. All this may be true and will have a bearing on the November election, assuming that Powell has an opponent in it. But it is also true that in the fall the South's fight to prevent school integration will still be front-page news, and Harlem will go to the polls in a wrathful mood. Only Powell can be the beneficiary.

A Crusty Californian Builds a Dam in the Himalayas

DOUGLASS CATER

THE LITTLE HANDBOOK distributed by the State Department to Americans traveling abroad has had no perceptible influence on M. Harvey Slocum, a seventy-year-old Californian who has spent the better part of the last six years in India. The handbook recommends courtesy toward the people whose country one is visiting. It urges restraint in giving voice to unfavorable criticisms or making invidious comparisons. Mr. Slocum does not hesitate to damn the Indians from hell to breakfast, assiduously avoids all social contact with them, and imports his food in cans from the United States. He is cantankerous and unbearably chauvinistic. Yet Slocum is the highest-salaried individual on the Indian government payroll, is venerated by a good many Indians, and may well go down in the history books as one of that country's leading benefactors.

Part of the explanation lies in the nature of Harvey Slocum's vocation. Slocum is a big dam builder. Building big dams is not everybody's dish of tea, yet it seems to be one of the accepted ways by which up and coming nations show their mettle. The Indians set out to build the biggest—or at least the tallest—dam in the world at Bhakra in the foothills of the Himalayas. Planned for seven hundred and forty feet top to bottom (Slocum wants to add an additional fifteen), it will rise higher than Hoover or Grand Coulee, grind out nearly a million kilowatts, and, most important of all, irrigate ten million acres of the arid Punjab and neighboring Rajputana. This is five times the area irrigated by Hoover Dam.

Such bounty is bound to have its price, and for the long-suffering Indians the cost of leashing the Sutlej River has appeared at times almost out of reach. It was not simply that their underdeveloped country lacked materials, trained manpower, and techniques for erecting so mighty a dam. The Siwalik Range through which the Sutlej wends its way before reaching the Punjab plain is composed of sandstone, folded and cracked by prehistoric earth thrusts and streaked with a sticky red clay. Wedging a dam into one of its crumbling crevasses to withstand a tremendous head of water is no simple matter. As Slocum says somewhat immodestly, "It's the toughest dam problem in all history."

The Indians, aided by a number of consultants, went to work at Bhakra in 1948, but got bogged down after pushing the huge diversion tunnels through the mountains. One cave-in followed another. Transportation and equipment proved inadequate. In 1950, desperate lest the whole project crumble along with the hillsides, the Indians sent an urgent appeal to Slocum to come take a look.

Slocum's reaction, as he recalls it, was unequivocal. "When I saw the road leading up to the dam site, that stamped the job for me. I told all the high priests that I never saw such a God-awful mess in my life and I wouldn't have a God-damn thing to do with it." Nonetheless, he offered them a contract, but after waiting four months told them to forget it. In the fall of 1951, the Indians appealed again.

According to Slocum, he told his lawyer to draw up a contract that would be acceptable to the Indians. It stipulated a stiff salary by Indian standards, and an unfettered expense account. In return, he guaranteed to spend only four months a year in India—anywhere he chose in India. Slocum was to have no title but an independent position in the hierarchy. ("I sign my orders M.H.S. That's enough.")

He gave the Indian government only thirty days to accept or reject the contract. Eight days before the deadline his telephone rang and an Indian official inquired, "Where do you want us to send the money?"

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Slocum says he in turn called up his own lawyer and cussed him out regularly. But whatever his personal reaction, Slocum was on the job in India in less than a month. During the next six years, disregarding his own four-month proviso, he has devoted most of his waking hours to getting the dam built.

'You Men Don't Know'

The Indians must have been aware that they were hiring an unusual man. Short, chunky, with the spare sun-hardened features of one who has spent a long life out of doors, Slocum already had eighteen big dams to his credit, including Grand Coulee, Friant, and Hetch Hetchy. Though he has a world-wide reputation, he holds no engineering degree; in fact, he never completed high school. He started work at thirteen and later got into dam building the hard way, teaching himself all he knows about it.

Four Slocum qualities are noteworthy. He has the self-made man's contempt for those who measure their knowledge by diplomas, which he contemptuously labels "billygoat skins." He has the doggedness of a man who was once paralyzed by a freak explosion and painfully taught himself to walk and use his hands again. He has the icy sternness of one who testifies that a long time ago he found hard drink getting the best of him and swore off once and for all. On top of all this, he has an estimate of his own ability that is, to say the least, not inconsiderable.

Slocum set up solitary housekeeping in a small cottage not far from the dam site (his wife stayed behind in their home near Los Angeles). He wears khaki, drives his own car, and maintains a policy of strict aloofness from all social contact with the Indian engineers. "On a job like this," he says, "you've got to be God and God can't fraternize."

There was bound to be trouble when a man like Slocum came into working contact with the Indian civil-service engineers assigned to the Bhakra project. Slocum was not slow in airing his complaints. "Most of them had been instructed," he told me, "but there is a difference between instruction and education. In their system they get a billygoat skin and they nudge Shiva or Brahma and say 'Get over, I've got a billygoat skin.' They refuse to use their hands. They move up the hierarchy and it doesn't make a damn bit of difference how good they are."

Shortly after his arrival, Slocum called in a group of the top personnel. "You men don't know enough about engineering to build a two-holer," he announced to the startled assemblage, "and if you don't know what a two-holer is, I'll tell you." He was not reluctant on occasion to carry his dissatisfaction directly to Prime Minister Nehru himself. One communiqué, it is reported, ended with the admonition "At the moment, I'm a damn sight

more important to India than you are."

There were times when Slocum seemed to go out of his way to pick a fight. Once when an official of the Indian Air Lines wrote him a courtesy letter proffering travel service, his reply was succinct: "From what I've seen of Indians, I wouldn't trust myself on the ground with them much less in the air." The dumfounded airlines official called up the Punjab authorities to inquire if such a person was really on their payroll.

Though his conduct went against every protocol that is supposed to govern American technicians working in underdeveloped countries, some of the Indians who had to work with Slocum came to understand him at least as well as he claimed to understand them. E. N. Mangatrai, chief secretary of the Punjab, told me: "He is rude to everybody, so in the end it doesn't create any malice. He despises you because you are stupid or lazy or slow, not because you are an Indian."

And one of Bhakra's executive engineers who has had to deal with Slocum from the start said of his anti-social habits: "Actually, that's what got the job done—his acting like God. We know he's only acting, but please don't tell him so."

On the Job

The important thing was that Slocum showed no aloofness toward the job itself. His house was open to Indian engineers any time day or night—for business. The first big problem was supply. A good part of the equipment needed was simply not available in India. Slocum organized what is probably the most self-contained dam operation in history. Everything, from bottling oxygen to rolling two-inch steel plate and fabricating the giant concrete mixers, can be done right on the dam site. A four-and-a-half-mile conveyor belt hauls twelve hundred tons of aggregate an hour to the automatic sorting machine. Bhakra even had to devise its own refrigeration plant for cooling the concrete so that it would set properly.

Then there was transport. With foresighted recklessness, Slocum zigged and zagged roads along the steep river banks, laid tracks for the little Diesels that haul the concrete hoppers, and strung up great steel trestles to carry the cantilever cranes above the rising concrete giant. Getting ready to do the job right, he insists, is the most important part of getting the job done. He has made Bhakra a marvel of mechanization.

Work on the dam could then begin in earnest, a twelve-thousand-man operation going twenty-four hours a day. To lick the crumbling mountain, it was decided to remake the mountain. Ton after ton of cement grout has been pumped into its crevices under tremendous pressure. "This rock literally has had to be glued together," says Slocum. Just to make doubly sure that the lake will not lift the dam some day and hurl it down the valley, the foundations have been sunk two hundred and twenty feet below the river level, planted on bedrock.

The history of the Bhakra, Slocum avers with characteristic modesty, can be dated "B.S." and "A.S." Since his arrival, no detail of the job has been too big or too small for his attention. One minute he is bullying the board of consultants into changing the location of the powerhouse. The next, he may be out on the

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roadway picking up stray nails in a forlorn hope of setting a safety example for the personnel. Even the faucets in the washroom, which the Indians habitually leave running, have been a source of interest—and irritation—for Slocum.

He didn't win all his battles. With western economy-mindedness, Slocum tried to pare down the number of supernumeraries who clutter up this and almost every other business enterprise in India. He has a particular aversion to the red-liveried *chuprassies* who are ornamental but slightly out of keeping as office boys in the rugged atmosphere of Bhakra. But in India a job like Bhakra is regarded as a means of providing employment as well as getting a dam built. Slocum never won the right to hire and fire, or, as he puts it, "to reward justly and punish fairly."

'Slocumisms'

One evening, after a dinner of boned turkey and chili beans, both canned in the United States, Mr. Slocum took me to see the dam. The entry road, which is full of twists and turns, was strictly B.S., he told me, and bears the name "Foy's Folly" in honor of its English builder. After one last horseshoe curve, we came in view of the dam far down the valley—a great concrete arc with huge fins, the three spillway divides, thrust out in front. It was brightly illuminated by powerful floodlights strung across the chasm, lending a carnival atmosphere to the night activities. Across the top a single string of lights marked the awesome height the dam will reach.

It was an impressive sight. Huge cantilever cranes, their armspread the length of football fields, lifted eight-and-a-half-ton concrete buckets and deposited their contents with dizzying speed a hundred feet or more below. The little Diesel engines pushed carloads of full buckets out on the trestle to replace the empties. All day and all night the pouring of concrete goes on, two hundred and ninety thousand tons a month, year in and year out. With the current monsoon season the dam is impounding its first water. By another year, it should be grinding out its first kilowatts. If all goes well, Bhakra will be completed in 1961.

That night and again early the next morning, Slocum drove me around the dam site, pointing with belligerent pride to all his many innovations. He was proudest of all of his latest invention—a pigtail hook on the concrete buckets that permits semi-automatic loading and unloading. It seemed a simple thing but evidently nobody had ever thought of it before. The idea just came to him one evening, Slocum said.

Now and then one or another of the Indian engineers in charge of some phase of the construction would climb into Slocum's battered Oldsmobile and ride along with us. Slocum was matter-of-fact in his dealings with them, and they treated him with obvious deference. They were busily getting ready for a new stage of the project. New roads, tracks, and trestles had to be built higher up as the builders scurried to keep on top of the rising dam. At the very top of the gorge, steel towers were being erected to provide a giant ski lift for the stream.

But Slocum's mind was working still further into the future. He was worried over delays in evacuating the three hundred and sixty-six villages that will be flooded when the lake starts to rise behind Bhakra. Already he is waging a fight with the board of consultants ("the insulting board" he calls them) to add another fifteen feet in height in order to exchange head for volume in generating electricity. "The whole secret is being able to plan ahead," he announced. "If you can't make things come out right five years from now, then you ought not to be in this business."

While we rode, I was subjected to a steady barrage of Slocumisms.

On dam building: "A few men in history have the ability to envisage and execute: Galileo, Copernicus, Leonardo da Vinci. . . . I like dam building because you tell that river to get over and then you make it get over."

On the value of work: "The Romans had too much time to stand around and talk about *'Et tu, Brute.'* "

On the officials in the India Ministry for Power and Irrigation: "Why should I deal with those boys when I can go straight to the top knocker?"

On Nehru: "He flies off the handle but he's not really tough."

On Americans abroad: "Our equipment exports the best—and that ain't the eagle screaming—but our personnel exports the worst. They fail to realize that they are in the position of teachers. The other fellow simply does not know."

On caste: "It's like a tight union. I pick up the workers in my car, but do you think the Indian engineers would? Hell no! They would lose dignity."

On the Sikh workers who refuse to wear safety helmets over their turbans: "I finally said that if being a raghead means more to them than saving their carcasses, then let them be."

On native ability: "Sometimes these fellows tell me, 'But, Mr. Slocum, if you had been born over here you couldn't have gone where you've gone.' I say, 'The hell I couldn't.' "

On incentives: "If I could get the authority to reward justly and punish fairly, I could organize these men, lead a march, and take Delhi tomorrow."

Martinet and Teacher

What do Indians really feel about this unquiet American with all his raw talk? Undeniably, Slocum has stirred up heated resentment at times, particularly by his callous disregard for the Indian's concern to preserve face. But he has also won genuine admirers. A close relative of Nehru's told me: "From the first time I met Mr. Slocum I felt a strong bond of sympathy. Too many westerners who come here are appalled by the poverty and ignorance and sloth, but they make small talk and pretend to ignore these unpleasantnesses. Mr. Slocum says what he thinks, but everybody can see what he is doing for India."

And Vishnu Dutt, a former disciple in Gandhi's ashram who now serves as public-relations officer at Bhakra, said of Slocum's role: "The biggest thing in the world is to teach people new habits of work and living. Mr. Slocum has taught us several things—the care of machinery, efficient organization methods, how to mechanize a job. Most important of all, he has taught us to appreciate the dignity of labor."

Dutt's explanation, in the opinion of several at Bhakra, gets at the heart

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of the matter. The reason Harvey Slocum has exported so well is because of his superb qualities as a teacher. He may be a terrible-tempered martinet, but he has managed to transmit to his fellow workers a sense of creative involvement in a challenging enterprise.

Bhakra has become a great training school for India. Over three hundred engineers and nearly ten thousand skilled workers are gaining a competence that cannot be learned from textbooks. Men like M. R. Chopra, deputy general manager in charge of construction and design, and Ardaman Singh, executive engineer for the aggregate process, have developed, in the opinion of associates, an amazing degree of self-confidence as the work has progressed. Indeed, Bhakra Dam, perhaps more than any other project in India, is giving the whole nation a valuable lesson in self-confidence. Each month, fifteen thousand men, women, and children make a long journey north to view this hopeful symbol of what Nehru has described as India's transition from the cow dung to the atomic age.

As a measure of Indian enterprise, it is interesting to compare the Bhakra with the Bhilai steel plant, where the Russians are furnishing technical supervision. At the Bhakra, Slocum at first estimated he would need three hundred American technicians. But he made do with a peak staff of eighty, which he has gradually reduced to twenty. At the Bhilai, still in its early construction phase, there are already two hundred Soviet technicians and several hundred more are scheduled to arrive in the near future.

It would be premature to predict the blossoming of anything like real affection between Slocum and his co-workers. But as the dam nears completion there are signs that the irascible old builder may be mellowing a bit. In a weak moment recently he paid a grudging tribute to the Indians. "It takes colossal ignorance or colossal courage to undertake a dam like this," he declared. "Never mind that they got into it through ignorance. At least they're doing it. They are prouder of this dam than of anything else they've ever done, and they've got a right to be."

Views & Reviews

Echoes of Two Centuries At Covent Garden

PETER QUENNELL

A visitor to eighteenth-century London, turning down the Strand, then presently left through one of several busy streets, would have come upon Covent Garden—a broad market place originally laid out by the famous Jacobean architect Inigo Jones, who built the noble church at the western end and the dignified arcades that surrounded it on the north and east side. The market itself was full of blue-aproned women, behind stalls heaped with flowers and herbs; but beneath the arcades were taverns and coffee-houses in which artists, actors, poets, dramatists, and other people of that sort assembled to play cards and read the newspapers. The whole quarter was riddled with gambling hells, houses of assignation, and fashionable brothels; and near the church stood a notorious "night house," called after its founder Tom King. The Garden never fell asleep; Tom King's was still discharging its drunken customers when the first market women arrived with their loads at dawn.

At any period subsequent to 1732, the visitor would also have found an excellent theater established in a neighboring street by John Rich, an erstwhile comedian who owed his fame and wealth to his unequaled performances in the role of Harlequin. At the same time, he was a manager of genius, who ran regular Shakespearean seasons, revived Congreve and Farquhar and other Restoration playwrights, and gave employment to David Garrick and the beautiful Peg Woffington, who was particularly admired by London playgoers for her success in "breeches parts."

Sometimes Rich put on a musical performance—one of the stylish "ballad operas" brought into vogue by John Gay, or a serious operatic work by Handel, the king's Hanoverian choirmaster who had at last won his battle against the Prince of Wales's musical protégé, Giovanni Battista Bononcini.

The Battle of the Castrati

There had been a long and fierce struggle between the Italian and the German modes. Both Handel and Bononcini, however, engaged Italian *castrati* singers. In *Riccardo Primo, Re d'Inghilterra,* which Handel had composed in 1727 to mark the accession of King George II (whom the audience was expected to identify with his Lion-Hearted predecessor), the part of the king was allotted to the eunuch artist Senesino—a somewhat inappropriate choice, considering King George's amorous tastes. Handel's opponents, whose headquarters were as the King's Theatre, Haymarket, had secured the services of Farinelli—"One God, one Farinelli!" shrilled a "lady of distinction" across the crowded opera house; but Handel promptly retorted with the singer's chief rival Carestini. It was only when Carestini left him that he abandoned opera for oratorio and, inspired by Dryden's baroque poem, composed the music for *Alexander's Feast,* which he wrote in the space of less than a month and produced at Covent Garden on February 19, 1736, before an enthusiastic audience of some thirteen hundred persons, the most "numerous and splendid" assemblage that had ever filled a London theater. Box-office receipts, a contemporary journalist wrote, might well have amounted to as much as £450.

Rich was an extraordinarily versa-

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tile manager, and audiences of that period liked their entertainment mixed. Dancing and singing were usually interwoven, and a ballet might follow a "straight" comedy. Thus, in March, 1734, "a Comedy called 'The Way of the World' by the late Mr. Congreve, with entertainment of dancing" whetted the audience's appetite for "a new dance called 'Pygmalion,'" in which eight ballet dancers showed their paces, from the opening bars when "Pygmalion comes into his studio with his pupils, who perform a characteristic dance, chisel and mallet in hands," to the moment when the statue he adores springs into irresistible life, and Mlle. Salle, as Galatea, leapt down from her lonely pedestal wearing "nothing in addition to her bodice and under petticoat but a simple robe of muslin. . . You cannot doubt, Sir," concluded the London correspondent of the *Mercure de France,* "of the success this ingenious ballet . . . obtained."

JOHN RICH reigned over Covent Garden from 1732 until his death in 1761, two years after that of his associate Handel. With Rich ended the opening chapter of Covent Garden's great career. He bequeathed the theater to a pair of sons-in-law, one of whom was John Beard, himself a well-known and accomplished singer; and under their rule Anglo-Italian opera gradually lost its hold on public interest.

Covent Garden was now chiefly distinguished for its encouragement of the spoken drama. Here, in the 1760's and 1770's, Goldsmith and Sheridan scored their early triumphs. John Philip Kemble, of the famous theatrical dynasty, brother of Sarah Siddons, acquired the management of the theater in 1803 and, besides producing a succession of Shakespearean plays, he amused and astonished his public by enrolling a brilliant youthful prodigy, Master Betty or "the Young Roscius." Scarcely less fortunate were Kemble's discovery of the exquisite comedian Charles Mathews and his employment of "Joey" Grimaldi, the incomparable clown, whose admiring biographer was to be Charles Dickens.

Partly reconstructed in 1792, when the interior was redecorated in green and gold, Covent Garden was completely burned down after a performance of Sheridan's *Pizarro,* on September 20, 1808. Nothing remained; scenery, properties, music, even Handel's organ—left by the composer to Rich—perished in the conflagration. Yet within twelve months the old building had been replaced by a new and much larger one, where the management pursued its previous policy of combining many different types of spectacle. The performers they enlisted ranged from Grimaldi to the majestic Mrs. Siddons, who made what was advertised as positively her last appearance, as Lady Macbeth, on June 29, 1812.

Opera and Good Breeding

Meanwhile a slow change had been creeping over English taste. To say that the English had grown more musical might perhaps be an exaggeration; but the fame of Mozart's operas had little by little been dinned into English ears, and London audiences, for the right or the wrong reasons, were again becoming opera-minded. Weber's *Der Freischütz* arrived in 1824; Rossini followed in the 1830's. Among foreign artists, none made a deeper effect than the romantic contralto Maria Malibran; while Madame Vestris was applauded both in a burlesque of *Don Giovanni* and as John Gay's rollicking Captain Macheath. Once drama had helped drive out music, and now music succeeded in turning the tables; by the middle of the nineteenth century, victorious opera had made the Garden its own. Further elaborate rebuilding followed, under the direction of an Italian architect; and in 1847 the ancient playhouse was relaunched as the Royal Italian Opera House, "a new theatre for foreign musical performances."

From this point, the history of Covent Garden merges with the history of modern operatic taste; and, at the same time, it clearly reflects the changing moods of nineteenth-century England. Opera was, of course, a social as well as a musical occasion; but to possess some knowledge of music was then considered a mark of good breeding, and the arrival of a new opera aroused tremendous excitement all over London. "The appearance of the opera prospectus is anticipated with as much curiosity as a speech from the Throne. . . . No novel of Bulwer of Charles Dickens, no protocol of Palmerston . . . is perused with more avidity."

Mozart, Donizetti, and Rossini were composers whom the Victorian audience especially favored until, as time passed, it succumbed to the spell of Meyerbeer and Gounod. An idolized singer was Giulia Grisi, whose long series of triumphant performances came to an end in 1861, when the young and beautiful Adelina Patti first stepped onto the Covent Garden stage.

By that time, the theater itself had been destroyed again by fire and again rebuilt. The Opera House that we know today was built in 1858—a spacious and dignified if somewhat solemn place, glimmering with slightly tarnished gold, an impressive background for the ghosts of singers and managers who doubtless walk there once the curtain has descended.

THE ROYAL BOX, too, may perhaps sometimes receive a ghostly visit. Queen Victoria, it is said, had loved music in her early youth, and in the Great Exposition year of 1851 had attended a performance of *The Magic Flute,* when the whole of the Grand Foyer was refurnished as her private salon, with "crystal curtains" and drops of ruby glass, huge mirrors hung in every panel, and an array of brilliant gas lamps. Ten years later, her husband's death put an end to all such frivolous pleasures; and the next royal patron who drove up to the Opera House was a personage of a very different kind.

Contemporary records do not suggest that Edward VII possessed much musical knowledge; but his friend Lady de Grey, who was also the friend and admirer of Jean de Reszke, persuaded the then Prince of Wales to lend his support to the season of 1888. In the supper room behind the Royal Box, one still feels that one can detect his influence; and it is equally pervasive in the little room beneath, to which one penetrates by a narrow winding stair. This is Edward's private lavatory, richly appointed with mahogany and marble; and one imagines him wheezing his way down the stairs

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and wheezing genially back to join the company above, leaving behind him an aroma of *eau de toilette* and cigar smoke.

ELSEWHERE in the theater, in this same season, sat a young critic distinguished from the rest of the audience by the possession of a flaming red beard. From 1888 to 1896, a new impresario, Augustus Harris, gathered around him at Covent Garden some of the world's greatest singers; and for six years, the new critic, the still almost unknown George Bernard Shaw (writing under the pseudonym Corno di Bassetto), continued to deal out praise and blame with uninhibited zeal and energy. But then, both by nature and by profession, Shaw was always an exception to the rule; and the rule was to accept grand opera as an important part of the London social season without paying too much regard to the virtues and the individual artists.

Late Victorian and Edwardian audiences, who heard the de Reszkes, Jean Lassalle, and Nellie Melba, and, later, Caruso and Tetrazzini in Puccini's *La Bohème,* were as characteristic of the age that produced them as had been their predecessors of mid-Victorian days. England was then enjoying a period of unrivaled power and wealth; seldom had the life of the upper classes been more secure or more luxurious; and music was among the many social luxuries that they did not deny themselves. Wagner had begun to conquer London halfway through the 1870's, and there were some critics who saw in the Wagnerian cult an omen of moral decline and fall. Aubrey Beardsley's picture of a Wagnerite audience depicts it as an assembly of brooding ghouls and vampires.

Wars and the Ballet

Prewar Covent Garden had its last glorious adventure during the Coronation season of 1911, when Diaghilev's Russian Ballet, with Nijinsky and Karsavina in *Pétrouchka, Le Spectre de la Rose,* and *Les Sylphides,* opened new and wonderful prospects. Every ballet season increased the effect. Then in 1914 suddenly the curtain was run down. So long as the war continued, Covent Garden remained dark and silent; and the revival of opera after the war was largely due to the personal efforts of two noteworthy enthusiasts —Sir Thomas Beecham, the hidalgo of music, and his devoted friend the inimitable Lady Cunard, a fascinating hostess of American birth.

In 1939 war closed the old theater once more. But Covent Garden by now had become inured to such vicissitudes; and in February, 1946, it celebrated its return to life with a performance of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* attended by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, who watched Robert Helpmann and the lovely Margot Fonteyn interpret the chief roles.

The Covent Garden tradition having been brought to life again, the next problem that confronted well-wishers was how they could preserve its vitality. Here a hint was taken from the past. Between its foundation in 1732 and the opening of the Royal Italian Opera House a hundred and sixteen years later, Covent Garden had given the freedom of its stage to innumerable ballet dancers, both English and foreign; and the Sadler's Wells Ballet, subsequently rechristened the Royal Ballet, was now invited to leave its somewhat remote and inconvenient home at Sadler's Wells Theatre and take up residence at the Garden.

COVENT GARDEN is regularly sold out, but since 1939 the composition of the audiences it attracts has undergone a significant social change. The last traces of Edwardian pomp have gone the way of mid-Victorian elegance. An opera is no longer a social occasion; and some modern opera lovers seem positively determined to underline as decisively as possible the change that has occurred —rugged young Marats and Dantons, clothed in heavy duffel coats, and flat-heeled, pony-tailed *tricoteuses,* trampling up and down the main staircase. Something has been lost, but inasmuch as every living institution must keep touch with its own period, something presumably has also been gained; and the welfare state, if it is to foster a society in which human life is not merely tolerable but genuinely stimulating and enjoyable, needs all the encouragement and inspiration that art and contemporary artists can give.

A Kind Word For Radio

MARYA MANNES

A YEAR AGO in May, radio came alive for one electrifying hour with a documentary on the Galíndez case produced by a new CBS group called Unit One. People who could not afford to be identified spoke freely of what they knew. The threads of the story were expertly woven by staff reporters and bound together by the familiar voice of Edward R. Murrow. It had a reality, a tension, and a form that television could not possibly have bestowed on the same subject and that radio for several reasons is peculiarly equipped to achieve. For one thing, radio allows a kind of single-mindedness, which the optics of television can easily destroy through distraction. For another, it makes possible the heightened play of the imagination of the listener who cannot see. And its cost of production is low. Unit One can produce an hour show with a staff of five where TV would need thirty. In television, an equal mobility of place and variety of character would involve prohibitive expense.

Here in New York

This year, Unit One produced two more major documentaries—"Who Killed Michael Farmer?" and "P.O.W."—fully as impressive as the Galíndez case, which, it may be added, the Unit intends to explore again next year. Its reconstruction of the Farmer crime—in which an Up-

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per West Side New York gang beat a polio-crippled boy to death last summer—was without question the most powerful examination of the nature of delinquency on any medium. For, aside from the adults involved with the case, the boys themselves spoke, and what they said no fictional dialogue could ever approximate in horror or meaning. Take a light clear child's voice, for instance, saying this: "I was watchin' him. I didn't wanna hit him, at first. Then I kicked him twice. He was layin' on the ground, lookin' up at us. I kicked him on the jaw, or some place; then I kicked him in the stomach. That was the least I could do, was kick 'im."

Just an Average Day . . .

Then, later, the voice of an older boy, with a fuzz on it: "I just went like that, and I stabbed him with the bread knife. You know, I was drunk so I just stabbed him." The boy giggles then. "He was screamin' like a dog." Then a third boy, answering Murrow's question, "Suppose you had a knife; would you have used it?" "If I would of got the knife, I would have stabbed him. That would have gave me more of a build-up. People would have respected me for what I've done and things like that. They would say, 'There goes a cold killer.' "

And a fourth: "Usually I go for horror pictures like *Frankenstein and the Mummy* or things like that. I like it when he goes and kills the guy or rips a guy in half or something like that," and the boy chuckled.

And if this were not looking deeply enough into a mutilated life, listen to one boy's description of an average day:

"I usually get up at 11 or 12 o'clock, you know, I sleep late. And then I will go out and see the guys, sitting on the stoop, you know, doin' nothin.' I would sit there with them, and sometimes they will say, 'Let's split and go to a movie,' so I would go to the movie with them. Or sometimes we would try and get a game of stick-ball or somethin' like that. Our block is crowded, we didn't hardly have a chance to play because the busses kept going back and forth, back and forth. We couldn't do nothin'. So that we just sit, then when it got to night-time, well, you know, we would go around, and say, 'Come on, man, let's go break windows for some excitement,' or 'Come on, man, let's go boppin.' Then we would go and look for guys, to beat 'em up. . . ."

And the mother of one of the gang members, in a voice of absolute despair, says, "I had absolutely no problems with him. Everyone in the neighborhood can vouch for that. When I walked out there this morning, all my store-keepers and everythin' just can't believe that my son is mixed up in anything like this."

And when a reporter asks her, "Do you plan to go over to see him?," she sobs, "Of course I have to go see my child! I can't let him down now. Even though he was wrong, I still can't just turn my back on him!"

Yet the producers of Unit One never rely on emotion alone, revelatory as it may be. Their balance and coherence is the result of hard thinking and careful building; their mortar is reason.

Unit One's most recent program, "P.O.W.," on Korean prisoners of war, was really in a sense an extenuation of the Farmer one, for it also is a story of delinquency—this time not of boys but of men. And a story that explores the weakness of Americans under enemy pressure is not pretty, dealing as it does with soldiers among whom fifteen per cent were "participators," eighty per cent were passive, and only five per cent resisted Communist indoctrination. The men themselves, the survivors, spoke of many terrible things, raw facts that no television viewer could stomach and only radio could transmit bearably. But the inherent chill in the tale was the emptiness of these men, who did not possess either the knowledge, the discipline, or the solidarity among themselves that is essential not only to bodily but to spiritual survival.

Here, I think, Unit One missed an important point by not emphasizing the origins of this emptiness in our ways of life: a fundamental shapelessness that we can no longer afford. Instead, "P.O.W." resolved itself in tired, feeble truths: "The problem is a major one for the armed forces. It is an equally great one for the rest of us. It would appear that the services can do better in preparing men physically and psychologically to resist. In this they need the support of an informed country, for it is a problem that does not begin in the armed forces." And so on, as if a few extra courses would do the trick.

Transatlantic

In between such documentaries in depth, Unit One produces conversations tightly geared to the news and often productive of news.

Last year it let Soviet and American scientists talk shop on two different occasions over a Moscow-U.S. circuit, and later turned over their network to Russian and American educators. This year in March it put Adlai Stevenson, Hugh Gaitskell, and Pierre Mendès-France in a three-way exchange called "Russia and the West: An 'Opposition' View." In each case there was an ease and directness and fluidity that a television panel seldom seems to achieve. The men did not give monologues: they talked *with* each other. They

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took issue, they interrupted, sometimes they kidded, as when Dwight Cooke as moderator mentioned "one aspect of the underdeveloped countries known as North Africa," and Gaitskell said, "Well, I think that passes the ball to Mr. Mendès-France, doesn't it?"

"Unless you'd like to pick it up, Hugh—I'm sure I don't want it!" said Stevenson.

"No, I think we'll let him take it. 'Hot potato' I think is the word, isn't it?" said Gaitskell.

"I don't know what it would be in French, Mr. Mendès-France," said Cooke, "but pick it up only if you wish to!"

Here again, the physical privacy bestowed by sound without sight must certainly account for the marked reduction of self-consciousness. And this lack of self-consciousness characterizes the whole field of news commentary, in which radio is still ahead of television. NBC has a very strong news team; and for coverage, penetration, and balance, I do not know a better fifteen-minute summary anywhere than the CBS "World Tonight" at 9:05 P.M., or wiser and braver comment than Eric Sevareid's following it or Edward P. Morgan's quarter hour on ABC nightly at seven. Although both are highly personable men, their physical presence would add nothing to their words and probably would detract from them.

For this same reason, the editorial broadcast on a single controversial issue should be a prominent and constant radio form. So far as New York is concerned, I know of only one station dedicated to it regularly: WMCA, where every Friday evening Nathan Strauss says what he thinks, simply and lucidly, on a wide range of subjects from the McCarran-Walter Act to fluoridation and the right to travel.

APART from patches of news, good music, and such creative use of thought and voice and analysis as Unit One provides from time to time, most of radio continues to represent the waste of a great power. What is now for the most part merely blind television should be a revelatory and exciting refuge from the blatancies and limitations of sight. Radio should be a great relief.

A Harsh Word For TV Critics

ERIC SEVAREID

IF IT IS TRUE that criticism is the healthiest thing in the world for the institution being criticized, television should be roaring with intellectual, spiritual, and aesthetic health. God knows it is the national whipping boy. For nearly two hundred years in this country every living soul from moron to Ph.D. has had full freedom to claim authority on three things—religion, government, and the weather. Doubt anybody's right to give vent on any of the three and you were not only un-Voltairian but un-American. A fourth institution has now been added to this open-stakes rat race.

All right, maybe none of the other three invited as much criticism as TV, but—oh, brother—television could do with a sharp drop in the quantity of criticism and a sharp rise in its quality. How many writers

who haven't read a play since Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen* are posing as critics of TV drama? How many lady journalists who never covered the city council are telling TV news departments how they should cover the national conventions? How many boy graduates who can't tell a test tube from a peavey hook are instructing TV networks in the right and the wrong of their science programs? How many nice guys who can just whistle the first bar of four popular refrains are reacting quite positively in print to the operas and musical comedies on the little screen?

Could the Broadway stage survive this kind of monitoring? Could the opera companies, the ballets, the art galleries? Indeed, I may as well add, could the daily press, if it were subject to this kind of capricious, hailstorm attention from, say, TV and radio? Well, sure, they would all survive, but in somewhat the same state of furious, traumatic confusion TV survives in. I happen to think a shocking percentage of TV fare is lousy. I think that is partly due to TV's confusion as to just what it is and where it ought to be going; and I also happen to think *that* is partly due to the fantastically irresponsible, inconsistent pulling and hauling it is getting from the printed press. Not wholly due, but partly.

I don't think anybody who hasn't inhabited the TV bull's-eye for a time can imbibe the full flavor of this. About one review in four of a carefully constructed TV show will make real sense and teach you something you should have known, whether it's a favorable or unfavorable review. The others, even the favorable others, read the way a dog's breakfast looks. They will often indicate that: (a) the reviewer didn't have even an elementary knowledge of the subject matter, or (b) saw only part of the show, or (c) wasn't listening if he was looking, or vice versa, or (d) was so preoccupied in the egocentric exercise of analyzing his own reactions that he failed to follow the objective reality in front of him, or (e) got the program confused with another program on another network.

The Omniscient Critic

The printed press has been pretty good to me, on the whole, and since it occasionally makes constructive suggestions about my professional behavior, let me use this occasion to return the favor—just for the hell of it, or maybe for the togetherness of it. (A CBS colleague recently pointed out that I used that word in a book published twelve years ago and I hope he drops dead.)

My first suggestion, editors, is this: break it up. Get your regular drama critic to review the drama on TV;

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get your Washington correspondent to review the political panels, debates, conventions, etc.; get your school-page editor to review educational programs, your church editor the religious shows, your music man the musical shows, your science man the science shows, and so on; and if you keep a tame historian in your stable, turn him loose on the Westerns—with both guns. You can't afford this switch? Funny—that's just what TV executives say about their failure to break up present program patterns.

In case you don't follow that suggestion, I have a second: straighten out your ground rules. They are quite unfair as they stand. I mean that a critic ought not apply the same rules of evaluation to a nonfiction program as to a fiction program. With a drama, an opera, a Western, or what not, the critic is fully entitled to judge it on the basis of what the little screen shows him and on absolutely nothing else—because in the unreal world the producer, author, director and performers have one hundred per cent control over the material. If the final result is bad, it's their doing entirely. But when TV produces a news show, a basic research science show or puts on a living event like a political convention, the producers, etc., have only partial control over the material. Here, I claim, the critic has got to get backstage or at least make a few phone calls, much like a reporter investigating a news story, and find out exactly why this was done and that not done. They would learn a very great deal and their reviews would make a very great deal more sense. Rarely have I known a critic to point out a flaw in a nonfiction program which was not realized and lamented by the producing staff before the program ever took air, but which stayed in because it had to stay in.

EXCUSE me now, I have to get to work on a radio news analysis, and I can't make up my mind whether to explain de Gaulle, the evils of not cutting taxes, the trouble with Detroit, or what Dulles should do about the Middle East. Honestly, people just don't realize how many things guys like me have to know all about.

Some First Novels—And the Tyranny of 'Ideas'

ALFRED KAZIN

MARY ANN, by Alex Karmel. *The Viking Press. $3.*

PARKTILDEN VILLAGE, by George P. Elliott. *The Beacon Press. $3.50.*

THE UNDERGROUND CITY, by H. L. Humes. *Random House. $4.95.*

THE HARD BLUE SKY, by Shirley Ann Grau. *Alfred A. Knopf. $5.*

One of the most striking things about fiction today is the way in which so many accomplished, almost desperately sophisticated young writers feel impelled to take account of "ideas." The same forces in our literary culture that have made pundits at large out of literary critics, that have recognized in Sartre and Camus the presence not of major "creative" talent but of a profound and detailed concern with the disintegration of one western tradition after another, have made intellectuals out of young novelists. Of course the novel has always depended on some broad conception of the world, such as we find in Cervantes, Fielding, Dickens. But not even the most intelligent novelists of the past would have been able to say what their "idea" was, apart from the dramatic context in which they were absorbed.

'Ideas' and the 'Book of Life'

What is apparent in many novels today is the anxious intellectuality of writers who are not so much concerned with upholding "life" against theory as they are with assenting to the urgent significance of ideas in the world today. The cultural prestige we now extend to so many "idea men"—existentialists, psychiatrists, new-theologians—is based not on our agreement with them but on our belief that they give *some* orientation in a world where the bankruptcy of traditional faiths and ideas becomes more manifest every day. Equally, the imposition of "ideas" on novels is often a confession that the novel serves no longer as the grand "book of life" that D. H. Lawrence called it, the great weapon of experience against abstraction. The novel is too often used as a vehicle for the advancement of ideas as faiths—of ideas that may serve to buttress us in a world where one of the most obvious phenomena is the need of ministering intellectuals (whether they write novels or not is sometimes incidental) to say what things still *mean*.

AN INTERESTING SIDE of intellectuality, in these four accomplished first novels, is the ease with which technical matters are handled, sometimes in a wholly improvised way, by novelists who have not, however, learned the novelist's classic expedient of presenting meaning wholly through action and character. What I complain of in most of these books is the projection of personal opinions, the excess of "meaning" over and above situation, the tendency to make the dramatic stage a mere vehicle for ideas. What this shows is that the ideas themselves are not in the least original, that even the best thoughts in such novels give the impression of quotation. Whatever "talent" may mean in the novel, it must include, in our time, the ability to see life, the human situation, wholly in one's own terms. This means not that the ideas as such will be wholly original (when are ideas ever so?) but that, for the author,

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they follow with necessity from the imagined situation. It is this sense of necessity that explains the immense influence on our generation of "nihilistic" books like Camus' *L'Etranger* (but not of *La Peste*); of Sartre's *La Nausée* (but not of *Les Chemins de la Liberté*). And just as the crudest book (technically) can give one an overwhelming experience—*if* the novelist gives the impression of facing life with directness, of discovering his true ideas from his material self—so fiction that slips into the symbolic use of life for the sake of "notions" that plainly lead their own life has the fatal tendency to annul in our minds such impressions of achieved fiction as we may already have received.

The Story: Inside and Out

A particular example of this is what happens about halfway through Alex Karmel's *Mary Ann*. This novel begins as if it were entirely original, though one soon recognizes from a certain overdeliberate "handling" in the style, in the wholly external narrative, the temptation to write an intellectual fable rather than a story. In a lower middle-class neighborhood of New York, a young girl on her way home from a chorus rehearsal is raped in the park. Her condition becomes one of humiliation and self-exile from life. The French mystic Simone Weil, describing a universal sensation in our time, has unforgettably described it as the experience of *contempt*.

Up to a point, in so far as Karmel sticks entirely to the description of the girl's solitude as she leaves home, takes a job in a five-and-dime store, walls herself up evenings in a furnished room, so that we experience her crushing loneliness in the demoralizing midsummer heat of New York, we have a sense of spiritual authenticity.

Still, the story is so entirely focused on the girl's speechless suffering that we wait, with wonder at Karmel's intellectual daring and misgivings because of the necessary monotony of the story, for the necessary action. What *does* happen is in a single line from Simone Weil, the intellectual presence one feels behind the book. She wrote: "Those who are unhappy have no need for anything in this world but people capable of giving them their attention. . . . The love of our neighbor in all its fullness simply means being able to say to him, 'What are you going through?' " Mary Ann attempts to leap from a bridge and is saved by an ugly, miserable garage mechanic who is passing by; after holding her prisoner in his rooms, the mechanic—always described as a "toad," with one eye—is transfigured

by the love Mary Ann is amazed to discover in herself, and he becomes her husband.

The theme is hammered home. Life is violence, which one has to learn to accept, and in the acceptance of which one is transfigured.

Mr. Karmel is a gifted writer. George P. Elliott is very gifted, and *Parktilden Village* is a far stronger and better novel than *Mary Ann*. But if Mr. Karmel writes fiction that transplants the ideas of Simone Weil, Mr. Elliott writes about modern American amorality in Berkeley from an ethical slant that limits rather than broadens the scope of his book. If Mr. Karmel writes all in one tone for fear of losing his intellectual hold on his material, Mr. Elliott, though a strong, witty, rough observer of American mores, nevertheless gives the impression that as a thinker he is rather different from what he is as a novelist.

Hazen, a young sociologist, has an affair with the daughter of a famous mathematician so that he can get to study the hot rodders she frequents. Written at first as if it were to be no more than a witty study of life in Berkeley, the book suddenly turns into a tragedy of the insensitivity of young Americans who have no moral conceptions to direct them. The sociologist turns, from a rather amiable careerist, into the lover of his girl's mother, breaks the father's heart, and does a great deal to make us understand that in contemporary America the sociologist may be the symbolic villain.

But Mr. Elliott is intellectually too complicated for his own story, and, with the usual limitation of writers who value their own ideas too much, impatient. The story loses its interior rhythm, and the reader is left admiring but disturbed, for there is a sense of Mr. Elliott's intellectual crispness and determination to be morally decisive rather than of an achieved novel. The disturbance I felt in reading *Parktilden Village* was real, for it seemed to me that Mr. Elliott's interest in the brilliantly glowing California scene, in hot rods, in cars generally, was one thing, and his university intellectual's moralism something else. There are several really fine things in *Parktilden Village*—one is a portrait of the girl, Jacqueline Devereux, daughter of the famous mathematician, who signs herself J.D., for "juvenile delinquent," and in her vivid pain-streaked disbelief gives one a clearer portrait of her generation than I have seen elsewhere.

Mr. Humes's Gallery

H. L. Humes's *The Underground City* is all intellectual anthology of our period. It is frankly and explicitly an interpretation of the present, which is why I enjoyed it more than any other of these first novels—even though as a novel it doesn't really exist. Mr. Humes has put into a single novel an absorbing account of France during the Occupation, a brilliant description of the cold war as seen in Paris, an excellent explanation of McCarthy as a purely destructive revolutionary, and in addition a vast number of famous Americans and Frenchmen, several of whom are delightfully recognizable, along with a whole gallery of opinions on the French, on love, on existentialism, on the war.

Unlike Mr. Karmel, who has had to devise a world which he can impose his ideas on; unlike Mr. Elliott, who morally has turned away from a world which actually exists but which he tries to judge far more severely than is perhaps necessary, Mr. Humes writes like a man who has only to train his camera on the recorded events of our time to

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make his book. At one stage, describing the events in a small Resistance group on the eve of the invasion of southern France, he actually reproduces whole pages out of Churchill's war memoirs in order to fill in the needed background. At another, describing the lonely and confused wanderings over Paris of the hero, who is under attack from the McCarthy patrioteers because as an underground agent during the war he necessarily gave arms to the Communists, Mr. Humes gives us a long, fascinating, vivid description of the Paris sewer system. There are some brilliant interpretations in the book of existentialism and of anti-Americanism, all of which I heartily agree with and some of which I would take more seriously if I didn't recognize how much Mr. Humes has benefited from sojourns in the intellectual communities of Harvard and Paris.

But my real objection to his novel is that Mr. Humes is so much interested in history, public events, the war, that perhaps he doesn't need to be a novelist at all. John Dos Passos in *U.S.A.*, despite many similar faults, was saved (then) by one fact: he didn't altogether know everything his material signified; he kept all those newsreels, forces, and men up in the air like a juggler without much confidence in himself. Mr. Humes does know what things mean, as much as any of us do, and often a lot more. But it is not with this kind of certainty in the midst of our chaos that novels are made; it is out of fascination with the material in itself.

Pictures from a Sketchbook

This brings me to the last and the most authentic of these first novels, Shirley Ann Grau's *The Hard Blue Sky*—a book I don't really care for. It is almost five hundred pages of sometimes interminable sketching and water coloring of the natives of a Gulf island just off the Louisiana coast, and reminds me of nothing so much as the sketchbook that a very gifted painter might bring back from some primitive retreat. It is all sun and air and color, water and grass. She is all writer, and what she describes she describes for its own sake, for the sheer pleasure of catching life on the wing. In so far as her book has an intellectual motif, it is the classic one, drawn from the nature of the landscape rather than from some imposed idea. A young housewife, thinking of a boy lost in the swamps, is suddenly devastated, under the unending hard blue sky, by the realization that "It don't matter that we get caught and die, us." "It don't even matter that we been alive." She picks up a broken brick from the ground and throws it hard as she can at the sky—"then turned and ran home, not waiting to see it fall."

Nevertheless, I am impressed with Miss Grau, though not with her book, which seems to me quite uninteresting, and, apart from the picturesque side of her local-color material, unforgivably repetitious and sprawling. Miss Grau's book *is* a sketchbook; her lack of urgency couldn't have been more clearly revealed than in the lack of any sense of construction, of rhythm, of acceleration. She is so fond of sketchwork and "line" that she doesn't know when to leave off, and never does leave off on anything even after she has used it to repletion. Just as the extreme conciseness of *Mary Ann* comes from its being a syllogism, and the enormous girth of *The Underground City* from its being a huge newsreel of our time, so the interminability of *The Hard Blue Sky* comes from a love of *paysage*. This utter concentration on the natural object has given Miss Grau her title—and has saved her from using her material to pose as wiser than she really is.

A Poets' Poet Looks at His Art

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

The Art of Poetry, by Paul Valéry. Translated by Denise Folliot, with an introduction by T. S. Eliot. (Bollingen Series XLV: *The Collected Works of Paul Valéry*, edited by Jackson Mathews, Vol. 7.) *Pantheon Books. $3.50.*

In Paris last winter the bookshops were full of new Valeriana. The first volume of the definitive Pléiade edition of Valéry's works, meticulously edited by Jean Hytier, had just appeared, as had Octave Nadal's luxurious and scholarly presentation of *La Jeune Parque*, a fresh volume of the poet's ever-stimulating correspondence, and two new collections of his obiter dicta made by the indefatigable Henri Mondor. The huge photographic edition of Valéry's thirty thousand pages of notebooks, now in course of publication, was not generally exhibited, doubtless because it is so expensive that only a library could afford to buy it.

And yet this year does not mark one of those anniversaries that the French so scrupulously observe, for Paul Valéry died just thirteen years ago and the centenary of his birth will not come until 1971. The number of new editions simply attests to the perennial interest in this great poet who has miraculously been spared the period of limbo usually reserved for recently dead idols. Long before his death, in fact, Valéry had become a touchstone for French intellectuals. "Have you read his poems in the latest *N.R.F.*?" "What do you think of *Amphion*?" "I rank the prose of *Monsieur Teste* even above the chiseled lines of *Le Cimetière marin*" — such remarks were commonplaces in the 1920's and 1930's, when the young could establish their poetic sensitivity or aptitude for rigorous thought by reference to a single writer.

As a member of that prodigious generation born at the time of the Franco-Prussian War (which included Claudel and Gide and Proust), Valéry had appeared rather late on the literary horizon. Then, after *La Jeune Parque* of 1917 (which occupied a place somewhat like that of *The Waste Land* in our literature), fame had come rapidly with

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his election to the French Academy in 1925 and his unofficial position as spokesman for French intelligence. The fact that after a brilliant start as Mallarmé's closest disciple he had almost completely abandoned literature for a period of twenty years only added to his prestige. The man who had had the courage to remain silent so long must now, when he finally deigned to speak, have something to say. And he did, for his highly distilled poems, subtle dialogues, and aphoristic reflections all grew from the years of secluded philosophical and mathematical inquiry that prepared him to write with urbane profundity on any subject which engaged his attention.

A Marked French Accent

In America, thanks to the Bollingen Foundation and more specifically to the editorship of Jackson Mathews, Valéry is beginning to become available in a form that he himself, for all his nicety of taste, would have approved. The care exercised in selecting, combining, and presenting the texts (with just sufficient annotation to satisfy the curious) is no less admirable than the simple classical format and typography that Pantheon has given these volumes.

Coming a year after the *Dialogues*, *The Art of Poetry* is the second to appear of the projected fifteen volumes. Its nearly threescore essays—comprising lectures, prefaces for others' books, articles, even a radio broadcast and an after-dinner speech—span the whole of Valéry's career, for the earliest was written in his eighteenth year and the latest shortly before his death at seventy-four.

Yet as T. S. Eliot points out in his sensitive introduction, the occasional character of the essays does not make them perfunctory, as it might have done with other writers. Each occasion or assignment merely served as a pretext for Valéry to return to the unchanging themes of his lifelong meditation as recorded in his more than two hundred notebooks. This is why, as Mr. Eliot states, "If the best of his poems are among the masterpieces, the best of his critical essays are among the most remarkable curiosities of French literature." It is a pity that in the present translation, by no means comparable to W. M. Stewart's version of the *Dialogues*, he too often speaks with a marked French accent.

Many of the essays concern the making of poems, and particularly the making of Valéry's poems. Hence Eliot tends to see them as a sort of vindication of the brevity and paucity of those poems and to note a harmony between practice and theory. But we might well ask with Jean Hytier (in his exhaustive study of 1953 entitled *La Poétique de Valéry*) if the doctrine is not often built up and added unto the work as the result of an altogether independent meditation. To be sure, everything Valéry thought about the process of creation relates to his own finished poems, but he never misses a chance to tell us that he was even more interested in the creative activity than in the product of that activity. An implausible family tradition claims that the first word the infant Valéry pronounced, back in 1872, was "*clef*"; and nothing could be more appropriate for the man who never ceased seeking the key to knowledge, to poetic pleasure, to creation in general. In this very volume does he not tell us that "there is no theory that is not a fragment, carefully prepared, of some autobiography"?

Perhaps the focus of his poetic art can be found rather in the opposition he himself felt between creative intention and realization. At the age of twenty he wrote to his master Mallarmé, in a letter not included in this volume, "This is what I think and here is what I wrote; which represents the truth?" Again and again in these essays, this most conscious of modern poets returns to the intimately felt contradiction. And with his characteristic disdain, he disposes once and for all of the accusation of "obscurity" when he notes: "If my mind is richer, more rapid, freer, more disciplined than yours, neither you nor I can do anything about it."

A First Line for Nothing

The major points Paul Valéry makes in his *Art of Poetry* are few because he so frequently returns to the same ones. The first is the reduction of inspiration to its proper proportions; he revolts against what Eliot calls the "mediumistic" view of the poet by setting against it a salutary insistence on technique and hard work. Still, he never completely denies the element of dream, or inspiration, or intoxication; he simply wants to subject it to some more sustained organization "than is shown by a flame following a trail of powder," which is all he finds in most famous lyrics. "The gods in their graciousness," he says here, "give us an occasional first line *for nothing*; but it is for us to fashion the second, which must chime with the first and not be unworthy of its supernatural elder. All the resources of experience and of the mind are not too much to render it comparable to the line which was a gift." A second point is his equation, wonderfully illustrated by analogy with a very small child, that poetry is to prose as dancing is to walking—a free, nonutilitarian activity in which form is its own justification.

As a third point there might be adduced the many references to rhythm as the starting point for a poem and the consequent conclusion that form frequently determines the "content" of a work. And finally, forsaking the poet's relation to his work for his relation to his reader, there is Valéry's statement: "A poet's function—do not be startled by this remark—is not to experience the poetic state: that is a private affair. His function is to create it in others. The poet is recognized—or at least everyone recognizes his own poet—by the simple fact that he causes his reader to become 'inspired.' Positively speaking, inspiration is a graceful attribute with which the reader endows his poet: the reader sees in us the transcendent merits of virtues and graces that develop in him. He seeks and finds in us the wondrous cause of his own wonder." Or, as he stated in an aphorism not included here, "The man of genius is the one who infuses genius into me."

Well, this is something that Valéry himself undeniably does for his readers; we feel elevated by having absorbed his thoughts and made some of them our own. His prose, like his verse, is not for hasty reading; but, provided we read him attentively and thoughtfully, he becomes a part of our intellectual substance.

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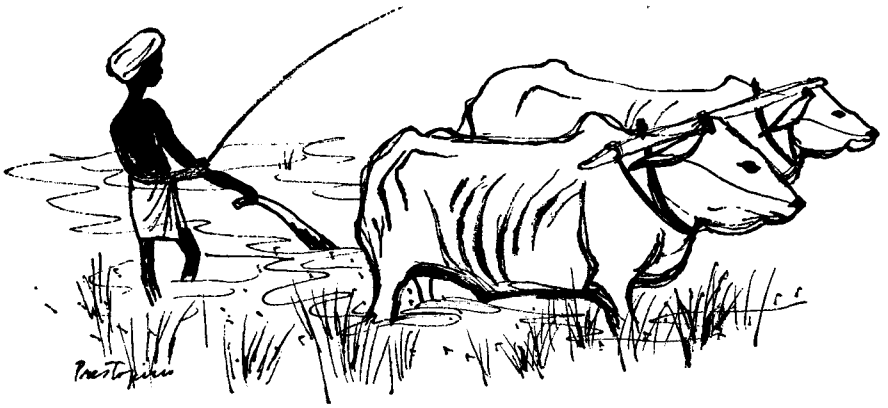

A Sour View Of the Subcontinent

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE HEART OF INDIA, by Alexander Campbell. *Alfred A. Knopf. $5.*

Like most other people, Indians take themselves seriously, and unlike most people they take other people seriously as well. In these circumstances the pompous and the pious are rarely if ever described to themselves, and as a result there may be no other country in the world where so many bogus characters enjoy such formidable security. If one can illustrate by an example that somehow comes to mind, Mr. John Foster Dulles has lasted longer in high office in the United States than many would have wished. Yet we may take some comfort vis-à-vis our Asian friends from the fact that had he been born in the right caste and under the right stars in India, his view of himself as an abnormally holy man would be completely commonplace. Indeed, he might have some worshipers.

Mr. Campbell has undertaken to crack the bogus crust in Indian political and religious life, and in a way he has done it very well. His book is a tightly edited (and, one assumes, rather selective) account of his travels around India and into East and West Pakistan. He was then a Time Inc. correspondent in India, and his book shows traces of what some Indians might consider a slightly bogus Timestyle, including an excessive search for dramatic historical effect that depends, among other devices, on an artificial use of tense. Still, Mr. Campbell has a talent for description and an ear for conversation, and he is a lean and talented writer. His account of the police investigation of the murder of some Socialists in Uttar Pradesh, of his encounter with a lonely and excluded Anglo-Indian in Agra and Gwalior; his tales of double talk and fancy perquisites in the Congress Party, of a party stalwart who (literally) combined politics with the promotion of his patent medicine, of his brief encounter with Acharya Vinoba Bhave, the collector of land for redistribution, and of his journey to the Portuguese enclave of Goa to watch a nonviolent march over the border—all these are good and even fascinating. Although Indians will not like much of what he says, they will find him, perversely enough, one of the more effective defenders of their position in the Vale of Kashmir.

YET I would not want to leave too favorable an impression. Mr. Campbell has shown that a book can be competent and bright and even intelligent without being good. As a minor point, his tales are rather too miraculously rounded and complete. They all seem to come out rather too well. When he visited a Gujerat leader in Bombay just before the riots in that city, his devout host rebuked him for killing a mosquito only moments before he rebuked him for failing to see the need for killing a few Maharashtrians if that were necessary to put them in their place. When he talked with Moslems and Hindus, Congressmen and Communists, Pakistanis and Indians, each set up the problem in precisely the fashion that best brought out the particular conflict. Often during these conversations there was some incident or slip that very conveniently exposed the cant of which the speaker was guilty.

Also, since Mr. Campbell reported only on those villages and cities where something was going on, one gets the impression that his journey was one of the most stirring hegiras since the princely tour of Edward VII. He is at no pains to minimize this impression.

HOWEVER, there is a more serious defect. It is that the book is devoid of anything that even remotely could be called compassion. Mr. Campbell knows that India is struggling, in some ways hopefully and in some ways hopelessly, with problems of incredible magnitude. He is interested in this struggle principally because of the odd behavior that it evokes.

Much of this behavior, by his own standards, the author finds exceedingly naïve. He does not reflect that history until recently denied Indians—all but a tiny few—even the chance to be naïve. If some of the manifestly voluble Indian self-expression is erratic, it is partly because an exceptionally large number of Indians are partaking of the rare and unusual delight of expressing themselves. This is not unimportant. And maybe it is inevitable in any considerable intellectual revival.

That India is having such a revival is the most important thing that Mr. Campbell missed. And in the enthusiasms of such a revival it is too much to expect that one will have only seemly and strictly logical as well as sophisticated and unheretical thoughts.

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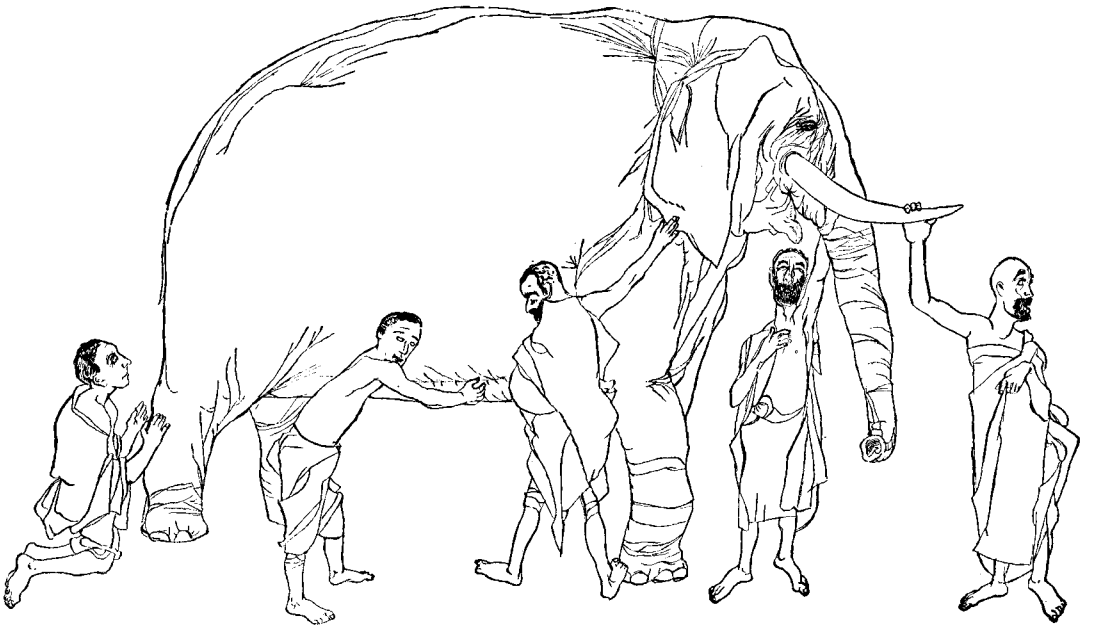

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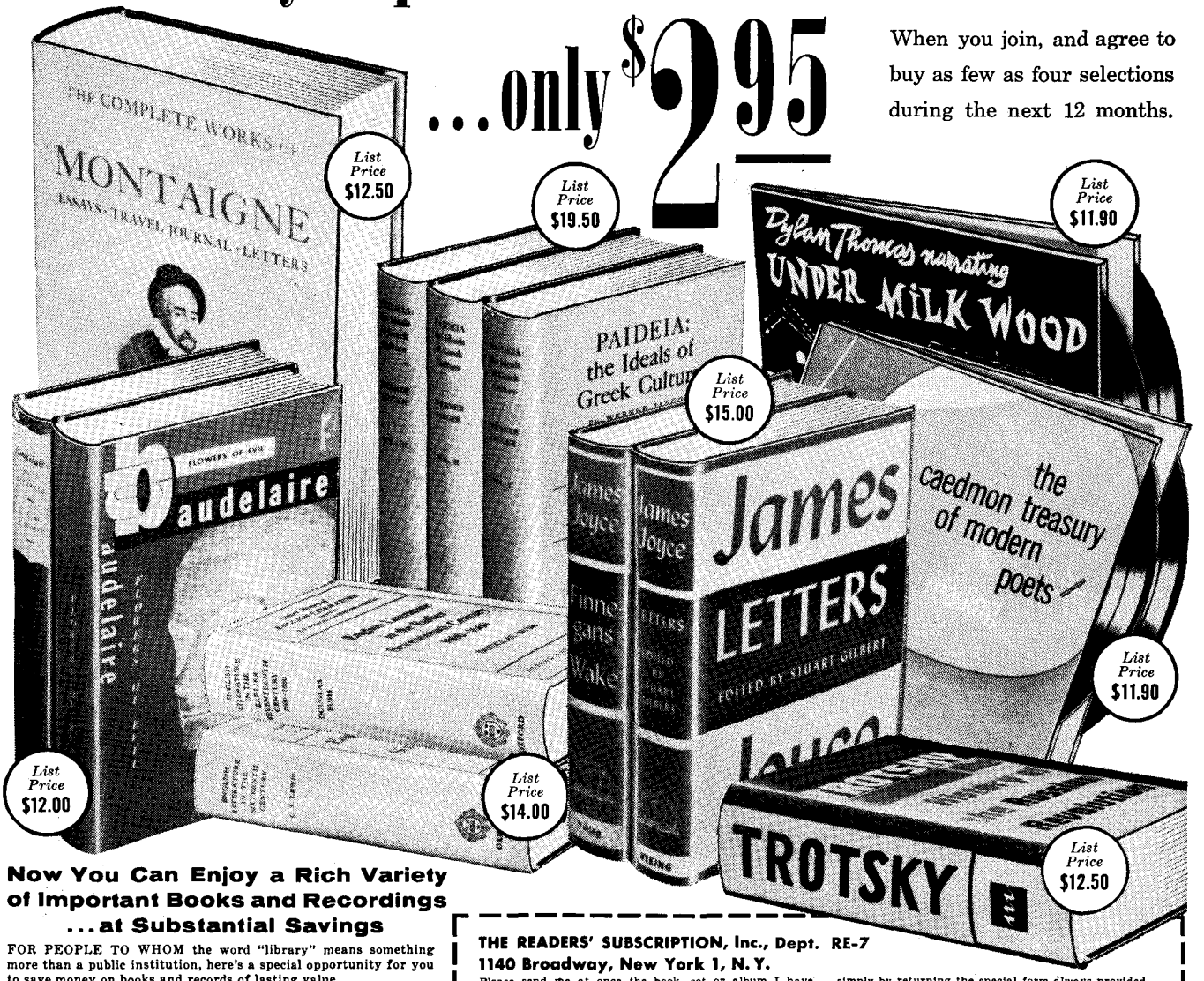

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